Engl. Theatr
Vol 48

VICE Reclaim'd:

OR, THE

Paſſionate Miſtreſs.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL,

By Her MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by *Richard Wilkinſon*, Gent.

——*Ipſe Semipaganus*
Ad ſacra vatum Carmen affero noſtrum. Perſ.

LONDON:

Printed for *Bernard Lintott*, at the *Middle-Temple-Gate* in *Fleet-ſtreet.* 1703.

Price 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

THEATRE ROYAL.

COMEDY.

PREFACE.

I won'd be as great a Folly in me to Condemn this Trifle, as Impudence to Defend it; the Town's the proper Judge, and muſt be in the Right; I have found an Indulgent Audience, that notwithſtanding the time of Year, ſeem'd pleas'd, and not uneaſie, and I confeſs the Succeſs beyond my Expectation: I will endeavour to make amends in the next, and own the Obligation till I am able to diſcharge it.

I am beholding to the Actors in general for their Care and civil uſage, but particularly to Mr. Wilks, *who was very diligent during the time of Rehearſal, and has added Life to the Part, by a Genteel Sprightlineſs in the Action.*

I have

PREFACE.

I have made it my Care to avoid all manner of Reflections, either in publick or private Capacities, and have no one Character, that points at any particular Person: If it will divert the Reader for a leisure hour, (I mean such who will not judge too nicely) it will fully answer my Wishes.

Farewel.

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE.

By Mr. *Wilks.*

A Scribling Tribe will ſtill infeſt the Town,
And Sharper like, cheat you of half a Crown.
Poets are perfect Bullys grown of late,
Impoſe on all, and Coward like retreat.
As Gameſters, Poets do for want of Wit
Throw a Levant upon the Box and Pit.
There's nothing they can plead as an excuſe,
But that the beſt Plays are now of little uſe,
Except French Dance or Song you do infuſe.
Our Author modeſtly ſubmits his Doom,
And hopes Amendment for the time to come:
There's nothing (that he knows,) can give Offence,
Nor does he boaſt of the leaſt Excellence.
Humour, which once prevail'd, is laid aſide,
And can't appear but by ſome Foreign Aid:
Singing and Dancing is the only Grace,
And Shakeſpear's *well wrought Scenes will have no Place,*
With Fam'd L'Epine, *and great* Greber's *Baſe.*
This ſhews a true Green-ſickneſs of the Mind,
What was of old for Engliſh Hearts deſign'd,

Is grown so course, it can no welcome draw,
Unless attended by some French Kickshaw.
Therefore since Novelty you love so dear,
Think not too slightly, nor be too severe,
But Judge according to the Time o'th' Year.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

By Mr. *Norris* as Drawer.

YOur Servant, Maſters, I'm ſent on a Meſſage,
From ſome deſponding Ladies in the Paſſage,
They wait your kind Approaches to the Roſe,
And want——Harkee——a Supper I ſuppoſe; [Softly.
And who this day cou'd no affair Tranſact,
Begg'd me, to paſs my Word for the laſt Act,
Aſſuring me, that when the Play was done,
It ſhou'd be worth to me full half a Crown:
We Drawers are Men of Parts in our Vocation,
And Countenance the Crying Sins o'th' Nation,
That is, ſince Vice firſt grew a Recreation:
We imitate the hungry Lawyer too,
Take Fees on both ſides, and both Juſtice do,
I mean, if we think proper to do ſo;
Nay, we're in Fee with them, and on occaſion,
Are ſent to Witneſs ſome damn'd Obligation.
Thus all the World by different ways wou'd thrive
And fooliſh Poets think by Plays to live,
They're the worſt Cuſtomers that we receive;

They ſcore, and ſcore, and brag of a Third Day,
And then they'll certainly——hum——never pay.
Much more I have to ſay, but never ſtir— [Bell rings.
O lack, I'm wanted at the Bar——Coming up, Sir.
[Runs off.

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

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Sir *Feeble Goodwill*, an old merry Gentleman, ſomewhat decay'd in his Fortunes.	Mr. *Johnſon.*
Wilding, a brisk gay Gentleman of the Town.	Mr. *Wilks.*
Gainlove, his Friend.	Mr. *Williams.*
Fondle, a rich obſequious Keeper of Mrs. *Haughty*.	Mr. *Bullock.*
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Mrs. *Rheniſh*.	Mrs. *Powel.*

Chairmen, Drawers, Waiters, &c.

SCENE, *London*, Time Twelve Hours.

VICE

VICE RECLAIM'D:

OR,

The Paſſionate Miſtreſs.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *a Chamber.*

Ralph *aſleep at a Table.*

Ralph awaking. HEigh-ho—heigh-o—heigh-o! —[*Looking out.*] paſt ſix a Clock! why where the Devil is my Maſter? perhaps at the Devil indeed, for no private Houſe would entertain him at theſe Hours.——Well, for my part watching is grown as familiar to me as to the Beadle of the Pariſh.——Heigh-o!——I have been for theſe two Years laſt paſt ſo uſed to Tavern Benches and Kitchin Fires, that a Bed's an Aſs to 'em for ſound Snoring.——Nay, if I chance to dream, 'tis of nothing but—coming up, Sir,——Gentlemen d'ye call?——Sirrah, ye Son of a Devil, bring t'other Bottle, and ſuch like.——Well, to ſerve one whoſe nightly Diverſions are Love and the Bottle, is to be in a fair way of going to the Devil without the pleaſure of committing the Sin. Oh I think I hear him coming.

[Ralph *opens the Door and* Wilding *enters, his Wig rough and dirty.*]

Wild. Why how now, *Ralph*, is thy Patience a'moſt tir'd?

Ralph. No, Sir, Cuſtom has made it pretty eaſy to me.

Wild. Well, be content,——here's ſomething to mollifie Cenſure and increaſe thy Diligence.

Ralph. Why truly this does mollify after the Fatigue of ſitting up.——But pray, Sir, how long is this Trade to hold?—alas I ſhall be worn out, like an Inn's of Court Porter, in the Flower of my Age.

Wild. Why faith, for ought I know during Youth and Health.

Ralph. No longer? that's much.——Well your Conſtitution's oblig'd to you, you try that to the utmoſt. Sir, without Offence

I hope I may preſume the Bottle was not your Miſtreſs laſt Night. ——So wanting the Power of Wine to fortifie your Head, the little God made an attack on your Heart.

Wild. I confeſs uſing 'em by turns, gives new Reliſh to each, and ſecures 'em laſting Pleaſures—— but to be devoted wholly to the one or the other, lays a Tax upon Inclination, and one had as good be—

Ralph. Ay, what good Sir?

Wild. Marry'd Sirra.

Ralph. Ah! wou'd to Heaven that were your Caſe. Your not complying with my old Maſter's Humour broke his Heart before his Time——How many Fortunes and fine Ladys were propos'd? yet you rejected all.

Wild. And would again renounce 'em all for Liberty——— but peace, Fool, I'll hear no more——— hark ſome body knocks, ſee who it is: Who can this be thus early?

[Ralph *goes to the Door and Enters with* Gainlove.]

Dear *Gainlove*, ——to ſee thee up at this early Hour, is as ſurprizing as to find thee out of a Tavern at Midnight.

Ralph. My Maſter ſays true in that, Sir,——— but for himſelf, you muſt know he ſeldom comes home before Daylight—— a ſure Remedy againſt the Night-mare, which my Maſter is ſhrewdly troubled with when he goes to Bed early, or comes home ſober.

Gain. In my Conſcience, *Frank*, we're both guilty———thou haſt been wenching as ſure as thou'rt ſober and dirty, and art turn'd out at this Hour to ſave Reputation.——Prithee what ſhe Bayliff arreſted thy Heart.

Ralph. Rather ask him what She-Fury has arreſted his Conſcience to keep theſe Hours.

Wild. Sirra, leave off your dry Jeſts, and be gone; I wou'd have ſomething private with *Gainlove*.

Ralph. Heigh-o——I ſhall withdraw——— ſomething I ſuppoſe too moleſt for my Conſtitution. [*Exit* Ralph.

Wild. Prithee let me examine thee—— What can be the occaſion of thy riſing ſo ſoon?

Gain. Perhaps the ſame that kept you out ſo late—A Woman.

Wild. Ay there thou haſt reaſon——but how and where? will you not communicate to your Friend?

Gain. How eager you are, —— no, reſt contented, I diſcover nothing.

Wild.

Wild. Fie, fie, dear *Gainlove*, thou know'ſt I have hunted for thee almoſt on a cold Scent, and found the Game; and now you like a common Poacher would privately ſecure your own without hazarding the pleaſure of a Chaſe.

Gain. No you are too fleet, and wou'd run it down before we cou'd have any. To be too haſty in Love, 's like being ſo in Anger, a Man often diſcharges his Paſſion without doing any Execution.—— Faith I ſhou'd think you have Buſineſs enough already; that exquiſite Mrs. *Haughty*, who, I hear takes ſo much of your ready Love, and *Fondle*'s ready Money, I wiſh ſhe don't leave ye both Bankrupts.

Wild. Why, I confeſs I have receiv'd ſome Favours,—— but faith, I have proteſted ſuch an immoderate Paſſion to her, that ſhe believes me, and grows as imperious to me, as ſhe is to the Coxcomb that keeps her,—ſo that———

Gain. She's become as indifferent to you as *Fondle* is to her.

Wild. Not altogether: She has a good ſhare of Beauty and Wit, and tho' ſhe can't confine a Man to Conſtancy, is a good *Pis Aller*, that muſt be granted—But tell me, dear Rogue, haſt thou made any new diſcovery in the Land of Pleaſure?

Gain. I have diſcover'd that which at once gives me Joy and Diſpair, the Injoyment of which wou'd not add ſo much to my Happineſs as my preſent Fears abate in it.

Wild. Now let it be any thing but downright Virtue and Matrimony, and I'll aſſiſt you; but who is this Miracle? for 'tis ſome Woman.

Gain. A Woman I think it is, but who ſhe is, what ſhe is, or where ſhe lives, I know no more than thou doſt, but ſhe is ſuch a Woman.

Wild. Faith your beſt way is to faſhion a very lively Diſcription of her, and put her in the Gazette, that's the beſt way I can adviſe you--to be in love with you know not whom, nor what, nor where! hey the Devil! thou hadſt as good tell me thou'rt in Love with a Picture, and thy Joy comes through the Strength of Imagination.

Gain. Why laſt Night, juſt as you parted from me, walking over the Park to take Coach at St. *James*'s I met two Ladies in the Mall, ſo Pretty, ſo Genteel, and ſuch Airs, that I had nothing to defend me from downright falling in Love with one of 'em, had they not been Squir'd by that Coxcomb *Apiſh*, and ſeem'd fonder of him than they did of themſelves.

Wild. That ſhou'd rather ſecure your Paſſion, and abate Suſpicion; for Ladies uſe Coxcombs now-a-days only like a new Faſhion, grow tir'd with it themſelves, and give it over to their Maids. Have the Ladies Wit? Cou'd you hear 'em talk?

Gain. Yes more Wit than Beauty, if poſſible.

Wild. I wou'd no more doubt Succeſs where my Rival is a Fool, than I wou'd rely on't where my Miſtreſs is one. Folly and Affectation are Twins, or at leaſt generally cohabit. But where did you leave 'em?

Gain. Why, they took Coach at St. *James*'s Gate——I call'd the next, and bid the Fellow drive after; but the Raſcal being drunk follow'd the wrong, and drove me into the City before I diſcover'd it.

Enter Ralph.

Wild. Well, what now?

Ralph. Sir, Mrs. *Malapert* with a Letter.

Wild. Prithee *Gainlove*, ſtep into the Cloſet, for ſhe makes it a greater Nicety to keep that ſecret which every Body knows, than ſhe wou'd her own, tho' no Body ask'd for it.

[Gainlove *goes out.*

Go bring her in. [Ralph *Exit, and Enters with* Malapert.

Mal. Good morrow Mr. *Wilding*: E'faith you are a fine Gentleman, to let a ſweet Lady languiſh for you a whole Afternoon, nay, when you had promis'd her too. Little do you think, how a Lady brooks a —— diſappointment. Gods my Life, I ſhou'd have taken it ill if you had us'd me ſo.

Wild. Not us'd you, you mean. [*Aſide.*

Mal. overhearing. Good lack, Mr. Indifference, marry come up, I ha'n't loſt my feeling in an Amour yet, tho' you think me inſenſible; wou'd you were to try, you ſhou'dn't find me like my Lady, I promiſe you.

Wild. That I dare believe, [*Aſide.*] Prithee leave Reproaches, and tell me, for I fear thy Miſtreſs is not well.

Mal. How ſhou'd ſhe be well, when her Phyſician never comes near her?——There read, I hope ſhe tells you your own.

[*Gives* Wild *a Letter.*

Wild. reads, Baſe and Perfidious—ſo the Storm is nigh. [*Aſide. Goes on.*] *You have trifl'd with my Love, and with a Paſſion, true as Truth it ſelf*——[*aſide,*] that's falſe as Hell———[*goes on*] *dally'd to my ruin, expect to Anſwer this Charge at* 12. Fondle

Dines

Dines in the City, and will be engag'd, therefore give you this Opportunity to clear your Guilt, or yield to my Revenge,

Haughty.

Wild. So now I muſt be forc'd to turn all upon her. [*Aſide.* This, I confeſs, is what I leaſt expected. I rather think your Lady has taken this Opportunity to diſcard her Servant for ſome gayer thing that ſhe has lately ſeen and lik'd. Tell her, to ſerve her Paſſion I'll ſubmit, tho' 'tis with Violence to my ſelf, I'll be there punctually.

Mal. Good lack, how ready you are to interpret things as you wou'd have 'em; true Man of the Town, excuſe your ſelf by caſting your odious Reflexions on our Innocence —— Well, I'll tell her what you ſay. [*Exit Mal.*

Re-enter Gainlove.

Gain. What! never without buſineſs! no breathing time! —— But how do you think to get off this?

Wild. Eaſily —— at firſt ſight ſhe breaks out in violent Paſſion, —— I give way to it, ſhe rails on, —— I with an humble Silence give her leave. At laſt, when tir'd with Exceſs of Fury, the Storm abates with gentle Showers of Tears, and all is calm again. Then in my turn, with modeſt Contradiction, I vow my Innocence. Offer a Kiſs, which ſhe accepts, ſhe takes me to her Bed-chamber to ſhew me two or three new Pictures. Gad —— and —— after we ſit down to Dinner.

Gain. Very well concluded —— but can't you gueſs the reaſon of this Jealouſie?

Wild. Faith no; unleſs ſhe has any ways diſcover'd my laſt Night's Intrigue, which I thought I manag'd with more Secreſie than uſual. Indeed I promis'd to ſee her Yeſterday.

Gain. Jealouſie is watchful, and imploys all its Vigilance upon the leaſt Suſpicion. Some body has betray'd you to her.

Wild. Well, let it fall how it will, I am prepar'd — But, *Gainlove*, thou wert interrupted, prithee go on with thy own Adventure.

Gain. Go on, Man! I wiſh I cou'd; I told you how I loſt 'em, and diſpair of Intelligence unleſs from *Apiſh*, whom I'll endeavour to be more particularly acquainted with for that only.

Wild. You will entail a Coxcomb upon your ſelf at leaſt —— but if that will do you any Service, I'll introduce you, for this *Apiſh* has been fond of me, and often viſits my Levee, ſo ſhall you be ſure of a Diſtemper you will hardly ſhake off again.

Enter

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Sir *Feeble Goodwill* returning from the Rainbow is come to wait on you.

Wild. Deſire him to walk up —— You know him, *Gainlove*, he's a good humour'd old Gentleman, and tho' he can't drink ſo much as we, endeavours as much; loves young Company, and rather than diſoblige it will ſuffer a Debauch in it.

Gain. An Excellent Humour, I have heard the ſame.

Enter Sir. Feeble Goodwill.

Wild. Sir *Feeble*, good Morrow. What! you have been ſolaceing with your old Morning's Draught, Brandy and Coffee.

Sir *Feeb.* Morrow you young Wag —— but how —— up ſo early! I expected to have found you a Bed with a Wench, or the Head-ach. [*Seeing* Gainlove.] a Friend of yours? [*To* Wilding.

Wild. One who will be glad of your Acquaintance.

[*Preſents* Gain. *to him.*

Sir *Feeb.* Well ſaid efaith. I love to ſee young Fellows herd together. I was Young and Gay, and I have —— go you're a Wag —— Mum —— Od I have drank my 6 Bottles, ſcour'd the Watch, and lain in the Compter.

Gain. Moſt Heroick: This is a tough old Sinner. [*Aſide to* Wild.

Wild. His good Humour excuſes all his Faults. Well my good Friend, how wears the World, you ſtill enjoy your wonted Mirth and Jollity.

Sir *Feeb.* Why Faith as it us'd to do, e'en the wrong ſide outward. But what a Devil doſt ask me? —— and what haſt thou to do with the Affairs of the World? —— Od I thought thou woud'ſt have been bragging of the good Wine, or the obliging Woman thou enjoy'dſt laſt Night, —— Matters of greater Moment.

Wild. Why faith, Sir *Feeble*, I am generouſly inclin'd to both; but *Gainlove* has been illuſtrating two Beauties, that I ſhall never deſire to be acquainted with.

Sir *Feeb.* Why ſo?

Wild. Leſt they ſhould be too virtuous, or I fall in Love.

Sir *Feeb.* But who are theſe Ladies?

Wild. There's our Comfort, for neither he nor I know.

Sir *Feeb. to Gain.* Where did you ſee 'em and when?

Gain. Laſt Night about ſeven in the Park.

Sir *Feeb.* Alone?

Gain.

Gain. No; they had with 'em the moſt exquiſite Fool that ever Folly and Affectation made impertinent.

Sir *Feeb.* Ad! let me ſee, there was one of 'em —— ay —— Black-hair'd, fair Complexion, her Features regular, Roſes on her Cheeks, her Teeth a Bank of Pearl, —— od —— her Breaſt two Hills of Snow, —— her —— Gad forgive me, what was I going to ſay —— but it ſhall out —— her Waſte but a Span, her Age about Eighteen, and her Fortune 10000 *l.*

Gain. Juſt to your Deſcription —— do you know 'em —— and 10000 *l.* ſay you, —— you have the prettieſt way of graceing a Beauty, —— and then you cloſe ſo harmoniouſly.

Sir *Feeb.* Why, look ye now—and I don't deal with the Devil neither. But as to the other —— what ſhall I ſay to her, —— Od ſhe's a rare Wench if I'm not miſtaken. Fair as the Morn, beautiful as the Goddeſs, ſweet, tall, a little plumpripe, and I hope conſenting —— Gad, her Eyes are the Devil, that's certain —— and her Fortune —— Juſt the ſame to a ſingle Penny, ye Wag —— Od, my Blood's got round my Heart —— Od, I am as Nimble as a *French* Tumbler, no thanks to *Mercury* neither.

[*Jumps about weakly.*

Gain. Well, and dear Sir *Feeble*, where do they live, how to get a Letter convey'd to 'em? —— That quickly.

Sir *Feeb.* Not a word —— Ad I believe you take me for a Pimp. —— Look ye Sir, I ſhou'd be glad to ſerve my Friend in a Civil way, as —— you underſtand me —— but —— Ah! Confound your Liquoriſh Chops, [*licking his Lips and ſmirking*] What nothing paſſes ye?

Wild. I confeſs, I ſtand much engaged to the fair Sex, and wou'd oblige 'em at the greateſt hazard, provided they take my word.

Sir *Feeb.* That is with [*ſnuffing*] a Baſtard, ſweet Sir; and as for taking your word, where a Woman is to be had, I'd as ſoon believe Mr. *Fuller.*

Wild. Sir, I'm your moſt humble Servant. [*To Sir* Feeble.

Gain. Prithee, *Wilding*, dear Rogue, beg to know where or who the Ladies are. Gad, I begin to be ſo much in Love that Liberty grows troubleſome to me.

Wild. Faith, I have more reſpect to my Friend, I wou'd not loſe him tho' he's ſo willing to loſe himſelf —— therefore if this ſhou'd prove a Plague to thee, let it be the Sin of thy own Diligence: So will I ſtand excus'd indeed *Gainlove.*

Gain. I wiſh you were to ſee the other, her Eyes wou'd warm you to Devotion, what think you, Sir *Feeble?*

Sir *Feeb.* Warm him, Od blow him up into a Blaze.

Wild. Therefore, I'll not come near 'em; for I gueſs their Virtue by their Fortunes———nothing under a Thumb——Ring and a Parſon, which is as terrible to me, as if I was in the Dead Warrant. I, like a generous Merchant, wou'd exchange Love with every Nation, not be bound continually to one Factory.

Sir *Feeb.* And at laſt, as thoſe Univerſal Traders do, find your ſelf worth nothing, through the Multiplicity of your Buſineſs—— Come I have known ſome Trade in *French* Goods, that have paid dear enough for Warehouſe-Room——d'ye hear?

Gain. And oft loſt their whole Cargo.———Since he is ſuch an Infidel to Beauty and Virtue, make me happy with the Knowledge of the Charmers; for by Heaven, I never ſaw any thing more commandingly obliging than that dear, little, black ———Gad, I cou'd eat her. [*Hugging Sir* Feeble.

Sir *Feeb.* Od he's very ſharp ſet truly———Come keep your Stomach, I have Bowels, and may do you Service, here's my Hand.

Gain. You will ever bind me yours. [*To Sir* Feeb.

Sir *Feeb.* In ſhort then, they are the Daughter and Niece of the Rich Widow *Purelight*, the Quaker, who (notwithſtanding the old Jade's Endeavours) wou'd never be converted to her Noſtril Piety; but enjoy all the Freedoms of their own Humours.

Wild. By my Life of noble Nature.

Sir *Feeb.* Now, will I truſt you two with a Secret, for I ſuppoſe ye Men of Honour; you muſt know I have for ſome time courted Dame *Purelight*——Od and have had reaſonable good Succeſs, there being no Objection but a Vow ſhe has made to marry none but of her own Perſuaſion.

Gain. Very well,———but pray go on.

Sir *Feeb.* Now, what do I intend this Afternoon, but to viſit her, in order to which, I have hired a Coat, Hat and primitive Cravat of the Play-houſe, and have been this Morning practiſing the Cant; ſo that I will acknowledge my Converſion to be the Work of her Lips, and the Power of her Eyes.——Get faſt marry'd, and then uſe her at Diſcretion.

Wild. Bravely reſolv'd.

Sir *Feeb.* Ad, ſhe's a fine Woman! Shall I give you a taſte of her Perfection now? Ad her Noſe is adorn'd with all the Colours of the Rainbow,—her Lips too, are as blew as Steel———and her Teeth, (thoſe I mean ſhe has remaining) do ſo ſtraddle you may pick 'em with a Bedſtaff.

Wild. Much good may ſhe d'ye Sir.

Sir *Feeb.* And much good may do you, Sir.——— Ad ſhe has five hundred Pounds a Year Jointure, beſides Money, which will ſupport a Man of my Years better than all the young Baggages you hanker after, for all your bragging, young Gentleman.

Gain. That's below a Man of Honour.

Sir *Feeb.* Honour! What don't I know, that the young Coxcombs of this Town will ſwear Fifty Oaths in a Breath, they have been diverting themſelves with an anonymous Perſon of Quality; Zookers, when they have ſeen none but their Landreſs.——— Well, but come;———ad one half Pint for a Whet, and then ye ſhall know all.

Gain. With all my Heart; and then take a turn in the Park, 'tis a delicious Morning.

Wild. I'll beg your Patience while I change my Linnen, and then command me as you pleaſe. But if you think to fetter me, as you are like to do *Gainlove*, you'll find your ſelf miſtaken.

Beauty has ſubtle Charms, to draw us in,
But thoughts of Marriage cools that Heat agen.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *St.* James's *Park.*

Several People walking croſs the Stage.

Enter Lucia, *and* Annabella.

Anna. 'Tis an inviting Morning, yet little or no Company.

Lucia. So much the better, I love Retirement; beſides this Place is grown ſo ſcandalous, 'tis forfeiting Reputation to be ſeen in an Evening.

Anna. Thou ſaiſt true, Girl; for what between the ruſty, Furbulo'd Commoners, and the Thread-bare Blew Disbands; there is ſuch a Scene of Poverty and Lewdneſs, that you'd think Famine had been the Reward of their Iniquities.

Lucia. Look yonder, doſt thou not ſee Sir *Thomas Thoughtful*, big with ſome Project to ruin the reſt of his Eſtate?

Anna. Yes: And there, on that Bench, are a Company of *French* Refugees, *Sur la Politique*, all chattering together like the Confuſion of *Babel*. *Ce la n'eſt pas vray, Le Diable m'im port, ouy par ma foy.* Setling the Nation, and lying for Subſiſtance.

Lucia. With buſy Motion and active Nonſence—— but let us leave 'em to themſelves, and talk of what more nearly concerns us.

Anna. I have a Queſtion to ask you.

Lucia. What's that?

Anna. Did you reſt well laſt Night?

Lucia. Yes, I think I did.

Anna. Did you dream of nothing?

Lucia. Not that I remember.

Anna. Nay, then you trifle with me, and i'll be angry—come tell me.

Lucia. I wou'd, but you'll laugh at me.

Anna. And, 'tis very like I may——*Gainlove* you nam'd in your Sleep, with more than common Accent.

Lucia. What! a Man that neither knows me, nor I him, but by ſeeing him at the Play.

Anna.

Anna. Well I'll be condemn'd to a Nunnery if thou haſt not a Months Mind to him. ——— Ah! do not, do not, do not, let me go. You did not repeat this laſt Night?

Lucia. Nay then you ſhall know all. ——— *Gainlove* the Man you nam'd, (I confeſs, I have no Averſion to him,) methoughts came to my Bedſide, and kiſt me with ſuch eagerneſs, I thought he wou'd have eat me —— 'tis true my Lips gave way to the Impreſſor's Fury; then he caught me in his Arms, and preſt me to his Boſom, and breath'd ſuch Sighs—that ſo warm'd my fooliſh Inclination, that I vow I cou'd a deny'd him nothing.

Anna. And what Eſteem may he have in your fooliſh Inclination now you're awake, pray?

Lucia. E'en as much as will juſtifie this favourable Opinion of him; that he's a Gentleman, his Humour good, his Eſtate competent, but his Vices outweigh his Virtues, and to half the World are more perſpicuous.

Anna. I know not what you mean by Vices: I have heard he has no more than Youth may excuſe. I love a Man that has ſome Sparks of Fire in him that will break forth ſometimes, and light me to his Virtues. ———

Lucia. Nay I think I muſt agree with you.

Anna. Hang your incipid Coxcombs that do nothing but ſigh and watch the Motion of the Eyes, waiting for a lucky Opportunity of the falling of a Fan; then let him with an odious bluſhing Face, but raviſh a kiſs from you, and the poor Fool's in Heaven. Oh, provoking!—No I am not for the Hopes of the Family, my Lady's eldeſt Son, ——— ſqueezing his Hat and bowing thus—who when my Lady asks him if he loves ſuch a one, —— Grinns and replys——yes that he does with all's Heart. ——— I'm for the brisk, the gay, and witty Gallant; let him but play upon the ſquare with me, and I ſhall never grudge whatever I loſe to him.

Lucia. Wilding you mean.

Anna. Piſh, how came you to name Him? you might as well have nam'd *Fondle*, that rich Blockhead. You know the Match was made up between my Aunt and he, there only wanted my Conſent; which I refuſing, and uſing him ill, he chang'd his Mind, and has ever ſince kept a Miſtreſs of whom he's very fond and jealous.

Lucia. [*Aſide*] She bluſhes. —— Indeed, Couſin, I believe you love the Rake.

Anna. Indeed Coz. you may believe what you pleaſe. I am neither in Love with him, nor he with Matrimony.———And Marriage is at beſt but like a new Game, which we firſt admire, but afterwards 'tis ſo tedious playing the ſame thing over and over, that we can no more be pleas'd with it then, than before contented without it.

Lucia. Then let us reſolve on nothing but to leave all to Fortune. Come we'll ſet down on this Bench, and you ſhall ſing the new Song, there's no Body near us.

Anna. Thou know'ſt I have no Voice, but ſince we are alone I'll venture. [*Enter behind 'em* Wild. Gain.

[Lucia *and* Anna *riſing in Confuſion*

SONG.

1.

OH! when will all the hateful Train,
Of War and Deſolation ceaſe;
Oh! when will Love return again,
And bleſs the weary World with Peace.

2.

We've wiſh'd for Peace a tedious while,
The Fates ſtill give us new Allarms.
Won'd fair Maria *pleaſe to ſmile,*
Succeſs wou'd then attend our Arms.

After the Song Gain. *ſpeaks*] Ten thouſand Bleſſings to the dear charming Voice that utters ſo much Harmony; Ha! By Heaven the very Ladys I told you of.

Lucia. Gainlove here! [*To* Anna.

Anna. Ay, and with him that agreeable Rake *Wilding.* [*To* Lucia.

Lucia. Come Cozen, let's be gone.

Anna. No Cozen, I love to ſee how very impertinent ſome Fellows will be, 'tis a great Diverſion.

Wild. Nay Ladys, ſince you have ſo obliged us, give us leave to pay our Thanks.

Anna. Thank your Stars then once,———for I don't doubt but our Sex hath made ye curſe 'em often.

Wild.

Wild. Yes, ye little Wag———they have been cruel.

Gain. That cannot be where ſo much Beauty dwells. [*To* Lucia.

Lucia. Pray, Sir, give your ſelf no farther trouble, for on my word you'll find it ſo.

Gain. 'Twere a Sin to doubt your Goodneſs, Heaven ne'er made ye fair to guild our Ruin: Nature fram'd you ſofter than Lovers Sighs, and only meant you as ſome bright Conſtellation, to guide us to our Happineſs.

Anna. Gad, what an odious whining Puppy 'tis. [*Aſide.*] Come, Sir, have You nothing to ſay on the ſame Subject? [*To* Wild.

Wild. Faith, not I; for if I had, I Queſtion whether you'd believe me.

Anna. 'Tis poſitively two to one I ſhou'd not.

Wild. And 'tis juſt the ſame ods, that I ſhou'd not mean what I ſpoke, any more than your Ladyſhip does at your Devotion.

Anna. Frank and free.

Wild. Plain-dealing, Child——To what purpoſe ſhou'd I ſay you are Charmingly Fair, when your Pocket-glaſs indulges you in the ſame Opinion, which you refer your ſelf to oftner than an Actreſs when ſhe's ſtudying the Airs of her new Part. To ſay your Shape's Divine, when 'tis the Encomium of your Taylor, whilſt he's trying your Stays———or that your Humour's good, when it eſtabliſhes your Reputation with your Chamber-maid. The Baits laid between her and the Squire's Valet; and the Squire's great Head is caught in a little Nooſe, no bigger than his Ring.

Anna. Very well, Sir.——And wou'd not you be angry if I ſhou'd hold the Glaſs to you? I'll try you for once——for you muſt know, I ſhall be very much pleas'd to ſee you out of Humour.

Wild. Which I defie you to do, thus arm'd with the moſt authentick Philoſophy, Indifference.

Anna. Then, have at you.——Your whole Sex is a Compoſition of Folly and ill Nature, Flattery and Falſhood, and that wholeſome Ingredient, Self-conceit.——'Tis true, you have a good full Wig that covers an empty Head——your Cloaths are faſhionable, they ſet off your decay'd Carcaſs like an old Room new painted. Nay, through the Diſtempers of your Body, and the Confuſion of your Mind, before ye are five or ſix and Twenty, ye Barter Love like City Merchants———by inch of Candle.

Wild.

Wild. Very well.

Anna. In fine, your greateſt Virtue is your Philoſophical Indifference, and your Indifference, the moſt agreeable thing I can ſee in you, upon my word.

Wild. going. Your humble Servant.—Come along, *Gainlove.*

Gain. Why! what's the matter, Man?

Wild. Why, I do not know whether 'twas with her Eyes or her Tongue, but I have juſt now receiv'd a Slight Wound,—— and if *Haughty* don't apply ſome preſent Remedy, for ought I know it may grow worſe and worſe.

[Wild. *makes a Sign of talking with* Anna.

Gain. Indeed, *Wilding*, I am wounded too, and can never be cur'd, unleſs ſhe pleaſe who gave the Smart? [*Turning to* Lucia.

Lucia. I ſee your Gallantry wou'd impoſe on my Diſcretion.

Gain. By all that's good, I have not ſaid one Syllable but what my Heart firſt coin'd.

Lucia. If this is the only Subject you are pleas'd to rally on, I can hear no more. You make hot Love with a cold Inclination, only to be in the Faſhion, which is as diſagreeable as a Beau in Winter, with his Boſom naked to the Waſte, and his Hands in his Muff.

Enter Ralph *running, almoſt out of Breath.*

Ralph. Sir, Sir; Mr. *Injunction*, your Clerk in Court, has ſent word, if you don't preſently enter your Appearance in *Haughty* againſt *Wilding*, there will be an Attachment ſeal'd this Afternoon by a private Seal, and Mrs *Move-lodging*'s Demurrer is to be argued to morrow Morning at ten a Clock.

Wild. This 'tis to be in Equity. Prithee, *Gainlove*, entertain the Ladies, I muſt be gone; anon I'll ſend to thee,———nay, don't look at me. [*To* Anna, *he ſtares at her, and ſhe at him, till he bows and goes off.*]

Gad, if thou haſt done me any harm look to't, I'll be reveng'd on thoſe dear bewitching Fires—Ladys, your Servant. [*Exit.*

Anna. Come, Cozen, let us go; I don't doubt but this Gentleman has ſome Suit or other depending too.

Lucia. I wait on you.

Gain. Madam, give me but the leaſt Hopes of ſeeing you again, and if I don't demonſtrate the Reality of my Paſſion, ſcorn me more than I adore you.

Lucia.

Lucia. I never make Assignations, and shall have a better Opinion of your Love and Honour, if you don't offer to dog us; if you do, they shall be ever forfeited.

Gain. I will obey, but Heaven knows with what Reluctancy I do it.

Anna. Now the Devil take that dear, false, agreeable,—what shall I call him? *Wilding.* But I'll go home and pray heartily that ———we may meet again to Morrow.

[*Exeunt* Lucia *and* Anna.

Gain. She's gone, and left me in as much Confusion as Merchants when they fear their Treasure's lost; 'tis plain I love her, and 'tis as plain I am an Ass; but how to help it!—has she not all attractive Excellence, perfect Beauty, Shape divine, every thing that Art or Nature can produce to make her lovely,——— then where's the fault?——By Heaven I will persist, tho' to the hazard of my downy Quiet;

Love with ambitious Wings aloft does soar,
And only is subdu'd by it's own Power;
For once my Reason shall to Love give way,
I am Love's Subject, and I will obey. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Haughty's *Lodgings.*

Enter Haughty.

Hau. The bitter Pangs of Jealousie exceed the Pleasure of Intrigue; Oh! I cou'd tear my Hair, my Heart, lay open every Vein to heighten my Revenge, till I had laid my self as level to the Earth, as is this Traytor's Falshood plainly seen.———To be rejected with a cold Indifference—Death! who can bear it?——and only wait the Leavings of his Love—Confusion seize him!———Since not mine———Whose there?

Enter Malapert.

Mal. Did you call, Madam?

Hau. What Answer to my Letter——tell me again——for I've forgot, and wish that Memory had no being to Echo back my Torture—what said he?

Mal. He seem'd to say 'twas your decay of Passion, look'd concern'd, yet bid me tell you he'd punctually obey your Commands.

Hau.

Hau. Cunning Villain, to palliate with Concern what met his Wiſhes; be gone, and wait.—— [*Exit* Malapert.

But, why ſhou'd I in this Whirldwind of my Paſſion betray a Weakneſs that my very Soul, when Reaſon holds the Reins, wou'd bluſh, nay ſcorn to own.——Be calm a while, my ſwelling Heart; down, down, till ripe Revenge, bleſt with Opportunity, o'erwhelm us both.

Enter Wild. *and runs to kiſs* Haughty.

Wild. My deareſt Life.

Hau. My Plague. [*Turns away.*

Wild. Nay then I'll wait on you in better Humour. [*Offers to go.*

Hau. Stay, ſtay, thou perjur'd Monſter. [*Pulls him back.*

Wild. Now to my thinking, I'm as true to the Sex as any young Fellow in Town [*Aſide.*

Hau. How canſt thou look me in the Face after this vile Affront?

Wild. Which I am inſenſible of, as I hope to be——

Hau. I never doubted your denying it——and might have been again that credulous Fool, had not theſe Eyes beheld your Treachery.

Wild. Pray, Madam, explain your ſelf, for till I know the Crime I ſtand accus'd of, how can I plead my Innocence?

Hau. Innocence! Blot not the Name with thy infectious Tongue.——Where was you yeſterday?

Wild. So, ſhe has found me out. [*Aſide.*] Why to tell you the truth, I found my ſelf melancholy for want of your Company—and ſo went to the Play.

Hau. Fooliſh Evaſion——Why did you not come according to your Promiſe?

Wild. Nay now I ſee you are in Jeſt,——ſhould I ha' come when *Fondle* was with you, and ruin'd all my Hopes and yours, by one raſh Act of Love?

Hau. I ſaw him not—nor think to be believ'd; this ſlight Invention has no room for Credit, baſe Man.

Wild. Why then may I never hope to be happy again—— if my Man *Ralph*, whom I ſent as uſual to give notice if the Coaſt was clear, did not return immediately, and told me he ſaw *Fondle* going up the Street, towards your Lodgings, which you muſt know, put me into a deep Concern for your Honour——but if I do not turn away the Raſcal immediately.

Hau.

Han. As false as Hell, as thou thy self art; who was that you waited on to a Coach——Masqu'd and in a Furbelo'd Scarf?

Wild. Why there again——she might be Furbelo'd all over for ought I know——I took so little Notice of her——but was forc'd out of my Friendship to *Gainlove* to offer that small Service to his Relation.

Han. A Service you often do one another——Relation!

Wild. Ay! *Gainlove*'s marri'd Sister——but since I find you doubt my Love or Honour——by this intemperate Jealousie——I will offend no more,——think on the happy Minutes that I lost in being absent from my Soul's best Wishes——what soft Endearments in a mutual Love——and then if Gratitude, for Love like mine be banish'd from your Breast, tear me thence too.

[*Offers to go.*

Han. Once more I conjure you stay,——how fain wou'd I believe!

Wild. Calm but your Passion, 'twill be easy.

Han. [*Aside.*] *Fondle*'s Carriage, yesterday Morning, now I think on't, shew'd Disturbance, and he might watch hereabout, nay, I have known him do it before upon Suspicion: I must believe him.——Well, my easy Nature can forgive you, tho' all was true. [*Calmly.*

Wild. Which if it is not, may I——

Han. Nay hold, you know my Heart streams with excess of Love——and if I thought amiss, do you forgive——I am o'th sudden seiz'd with such a Giddiness in my Head, I must ly down——'twill presently be over,——you may divert your self with Reading.

Wild. I have read the Chapter over so often, I have it all by heart. I have some Spirit of Heartshorn, Madam. [*Aside.*

Han. Then bring it after me, if you think it no trouble. [*Exit.*

Wild. alone. I know the Hint——So I'm drawn in again——Well there is more trouble in being belov'd by one Woman, than there is admiring the whole Sex. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *the Street before* Haughty's *Lodgings.*

Fondle *in a Chair.*

Fond. So, ſo, there's half a Crown for you——that's ſix pence above your Fare.

Chairmen. Bleſs your good Worſhip. [*Exeunt* Chairmen.

Fond. Well, theſe City Feaſts are the prettieſt things,——and, *Four and Twenty Fidlers all in a Row*, [*Sings ridiculouſly.*] By *George*, I begin to grow tipſy,——Ad, I found a fit of Love coming upon me, and I ſlunk away to my Sweeting——Well, I am happier than an Eaſtern Monarch——to Love——and then to be ſo belov'd again.——By *George*, I wou'd not change my Condition, to be the great *Turk*.——Let me ſee, my Sweeting ſtands me in *Communibus Annis*, as the *Grecians* have it, a 1000*l.* ——pugh a Trifle——but I muſt deſire her to be a little more careful, for ſhe has every now and then a piece of Plate ſtole, or elſe loſes her purſe of Guineas, which I am forc'd to recruit as often as it happens.——Now ſhall I find her perhaps in Tears, ——for ſhe was mighty loath to let me go——but I ſhall ſurpriſe her with my Preſence. A ſurpriſe is ſo pretty to a Woman, [*Goes to the Door.*] The Door's open! this *Malapert* is a careleſs Baggage. [*Exit, ſhuts the Door.*

Enter Malapert.

Mal. I left the Door a Jarr, whilſt I went to the Corner of the Street: I hope nothing has happen'd in my Abſence——[*Goes to the Door, and finds it ſhut.*] The Door's ſhut!——I'll knock ſoftly, perhaps the Landlady is come Home. [*Knocks.*

Fond. from above. Who's there?

Mal. Unlucky Accident! *Fondle* return'd!——What can this mean? 'Tis I Sir, pray make haſte down, 'tis Matter of great Concern, delay not a Minute.

Fond. Hey day, the Wench is *Maudlin* I think——well I come. [*Goes down.*

[Fondle *opens the Door, they both enter as above.*

Fond. Are not you a forgetful Fool, to leave the Door open, when you know your Miſtreſs has loſt ſo many things?

Mal. Indeed Sir, I beg Pardon——but how long have you been come in?

Fond.

Fond. Why, I was but just got up to the Staircase Window as thou knock'dst.

Mal. I am glad of that. [*Aside.*] Oh Sir, since you went, my Mistress has had the strangest fit!——had she and you no words?

Fond. No, none, but that she seem'd concern'd at my going.

Mal. Why, then there 'tis——she's always uneasie when you are from her; as soon as you went she fell into Tears, which continu'd till the Fit seiz'd her, which held her a long half Hour; but, when she came with much ado to her self, she was advis'd to compose her self to rest. So she's lain down upon the Bed, but I'll go and tell her.

Fond. I say, stay you here, I'll go my self——poor Sweeting!

[*Weeps.*

Mal. Indeed but you sha'n't.——Such a surprizing Joy just as she awakes, may throw her into her Fit again thro' Excess.

Fond. Ad, and so it may.——Ay do thee go. [*Exit Mal.*] I am mighty glad my good Fortune put it into my Head to come away. Poor Sweeting!——[*Cryes.*] Well she does love me——nay I vow too much for her own Quiet.——

Enter Haughty *in her Night Gown.*

Hau. runs to Fondle.] O my Dear! this is kind, I did not expect you this three Hours, whom shall I thank? your Love?——[*Painting her Hand to* Wild. *to go.* Wild. *kisses her Hand and Exit.*] or my blest Fortune——[*Huggs him till* Wild. *crosses the Stage and goes out.*] Nay struggle not, I'll hold you fast now I have you, you shan't leave me——How of a sudden am I quite compos'd, and all my Illness eas'd! my Sorrow, which so late clouded my Reason, is clear'd to shining Joy.

Fond. Hold a little, dear Sweeting,——ad thou hast almost stifl'd me with Kindness——*Malapert* has [*Puffing and blowing.*] told me all that happen'd,——I am very glad to see thee so well again——poor Sweeting!——

[*Kissing her.*

Hau. I took something for the Vapours, that has done me good.

Fond. I'm glad of that too——What Doctor had you?

Hau. One whom I always use on these Occasions.

Fond. And you find great benefit by him?

Hau. Oh immediately.

Fond. [*Smiling.*] Come let us go in and taste one Flask of the Shampaign I sent you last; and then——

Han. I'm all Obedience——
For thee all other Pleaſures I'd deny,
Nay Life it ſelf——[*Fond.* Poor Sweeting, ſo wou'd I.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *a Chamber, diſcovering the Widow* Pure-light *and Sir* Feeble *in his Quaker's dreſs, at a Table.*

Sir *Feeb.* Hum——
Wid. Hum—— [*They hum and ſigh ſeveral times.*
Sir *Feeb.* Hum——
Wid. Hum——
Sir *Feeb.* Widow ariſe, let not thy Heart be harden'd like the wicked ones.

Wid. Truly, I am in exceeding great doubt.

Sir *Feeb.* I ſay both yea and verily, 'tis the evil Spirit of Contradiction, that waxeth ſtrong in thee——as I may ſay——a perverſeneſs of Heart——hum——

Wid. I am amazed, yea confounded in my Intellectuals, at thy ſudden Converſion, and doubt of the truth thereof——hum——

Sir *Feeb.* The Wicked doubt indeed, but thou Widow haſt worked a Work.——I have renounced the heatheniſh Superſtition, and am become thy Creature; I love thee in Sincerity, and thou ſhalt have ſubſtantial proof of my Ability, according to the Works of Nature——ſo pleaſe thee.

Wid. Thou doſt take me for a carnal Woman, I fear. [*Drawing nearer.*] I profeſs my Zeal waxeth warm, [*Aſide.*] What wouldſt thou that I ſhou'd do?

Sir *Feeb.* That thee and I, may out of Brotherly Affection, be joined in the Bands of Matrimony, and be made one.
[*Drawing nearer.*

Wid. I ſhall gainſay——why doſt thou make a Scoff?——and utter falſe intentions?——Truly this pleaſeth me. [*Aſide ſmiling.*

Sir *Feeb.* I do cordially profeſs my liking to thy Perſon.——And thus I ſeal my Contract on the one part—— [*Kiſſing her Hand.*

Wid. How humble the good Man is!

Sir *Feeb.*

Sir *Feeb.* I wou'd have raised my self up to thy Comelineſs, but feared to displeaſe.

Wid. No, surely, I shou'd not have been angry——for I conceive no harm therein.

Sir *Feeb.* Then on thy Lips let me taſte of the Grapes of *Cannaan.* [*Kisses her.*] She stinks worse than rotten Cheese— [*Aside.* [*Licking his Lips.*] Sweeter than Hony———let me again receive the Gift of Satisfaction.

Wid. No, surely I may not again. [*Turns away.*

Sir *Feeb.* That my Affections yearneth to thee is true; [*Pulls out a Bottle.*] or may I ever want this dram of Support, when fainting in my Progress [*Drinks.*]———Taste, it is of comfort, and refresheth exceedingly.

Wid. Plainly I am loath.——[*She Drinks.*] they say the Seeds of Dissention ly at the bottom.

Sir *Feeb.* No, this is called the Brethren's Reconciler, prepared by *Rebecca*, the Daughter of *Aminadab*, near unto Turner's Hall, and is of a delicious flavour. [*Drinks.*

Wid. I wou'd not willingly mistake.——[*Drinks.*] I think the Creature is good, nay exceeding good,——and surely I will remember thee. [*Drinks again.*

Sir *Feeb.* You may by way of remembrance, but Healths are a prophanation; the Wicked drink Healths and become unclean as the Beast.

Wid. I think there remaineth nothing in the Vessel.——

Sir *Feeb.* Verily, but little, it rattleth in the Throat, like a departing Friend.

Wid. I will supply thee from my secret Place, my Closet, whither if thou wilt go, thou mayst open freely and declare.

Sir *Feeb.* I shall——therefore give me thy Hand much whiter than Snow, and let us walk together even as one Flesh. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Annabella *just as they go off.*

Anna. So, the Lovers are retir'd; well that old Knight is a Dissembler, but what care I? For my Life, I cannot get this *Wilding* out of my Head——Lord, how my Thoughts ramble!——Let me consider, have I a Tender for the Fellow?——No——Has he for me?——No——Then we are agreed——But why shou'd he run in my Mind more than another?——Why commonly the greatest Impertinencies are uppermost in our Thoughts; yet certainly there must be Reputation in converting the Infidel——*By*

Enter

Enter Betty.

Betty. Your Pleaſure, Madam?

Anna. Where's my Cozen?

Betty. In her Chamber.

Anna. Tell her I would ſpeak with her. [*Exit Betty.*] Whether my Inclinations are debauch'd or not, I'm ſure *Gainlove* is the Centre of hers.

Enter Lucia.

Your Servant Cozen, did you ſee the Brethren?

Lucia. Yes, and believe 'twill be a Match, ſince he has taken this ſanctifi'd Cloathing ——— but neither you nor I are admitted into her Cabinet. ——Nay methinks I'm better reconcil'd now than I us'd to be.

Anna. Becauſe he's intimately acquainted with *Gainlove*——ha, have not I hit it?

Lucia. You might rather have ſaid *Wilding*, for that has been of longeſt ſtanding——Come I have found you out.

Anna. Shall we both confeſs?

Lucia. Do you begin.

Anna. Why then, I find I do love that dear deceitful *Wilding*, and I will have him whatever it coſt me——and I think I have ſomething more attractive than a Loadſtone——ten Thouſand Pounds, Girl, has more Charms than the Boy and his Mother ever thought of. Come, now what ſay You?

Lucia. Why——I——but——you'll——

Anna. Never ſtand humming and hawing.

Lucia. —I do love *Gainlove* with all my Heart—I'm glad 'tis out.

Anna. So now we have exchang'd Secrets——which I dare ſwear we both knew before.——How ſhall we contrive to ſecure 'em, without letting 'em know our own Weakneſs?

Lucia. Why, if this Match goes forward, which on my Conſcience is by this time agreed on. Sir *Feeble* will be the propereſt Inſtrument to work with.

Anna. That may be too long for Impatience—Your's is already at your Feet——but mine is a hot fiery Rake, and has a ſort of Salamander Love, he can live in Flames.

Lucia. Let us retire to our Chamber, and conſult.

Anna. Agreed. I know he is intrigu'd with Mrs *Haughty*, who Lodges in the next Street, for I had him dog'd; and to ſhew my Love, I am reſoly'd to begin with a little Miſchief.

Enter

Enter Betty.

Betty. Madam, Mr. *Apish* is come to wait on you. [*To Anna.* and your Mother desires to speak with you presently [*To Lucia. Exit.*

Anna. I will endeavour to dispatch this Coxcomb, and be with you presently. [*Exit Lucia.*] I must keep him in Suspence, it may be of use to me; now must I change my Humour to his, and mimick the Puppy in his own Blindness.

Enter Apish.

Ap. Your Ladiship's most very humble Servant: Pardon, fair Creature, this tedious Absence———an Age is past, since I beheld those Eyes, the break of Day——at which the Clouds disperse and Pleasure fills the Scene. [*Screwing and bending the Body ridiculously.*

Anna. That happy Fair (who e'er you mean) must been tirely blest to have that great Addition to her Beauties by your Commendation. [*Imitating him.*

Ap. La Belle Langueshante, [*Aside.*] Beauty like yours commands our Adoration, but like the Sun dazles the weak Beholders——the Happiness I long have wish'd for, makes me approach with this assiduous Diligence, to beg what's infinitely beyond my little Merit.——Good——— [*Aside.*

Anna. That Modesty, as ill becomes a Person of your Gallantry, as a faint denial does the Mouth, when we wou'd only seem to fly our Wishes———what cou'd you ask?

Ap. Your Love——your kind Consent——your very humble Servant———A good Conceit and handsomely brought off. [*Aside snearing.*] [*Taking out his Snuff Box.*

Anna. [*Aside.*] By the help of that Snuff Box, he'll make ten empty words, the Complement of half an Hour——Lord, how that Raillery becomes you! [*Laughs ridiculously.*

Ap. Why, does your Ladiship take it for Raillery? [*Laughs.*

Anna. Upon my word.——

Ap. Upon my Soul——— [*Both laughing.*

Anna. Your Reason for being in Love?

Ap. That is but a foolish Question [*Aside.*] Your Wit, your Beauty, your Agreeableness, your every thing in the World——besides, every Morning what between the indigested Fumes of Sophisticated Wine, and the Solicitations of impertinent Women—I have had no more ease than a Secretary of State—and therefore am resolv'd to sacrifice both—— to your commanding Excellence.

Anna.

Anna. I Beauty! egad, ha, ha, ha———I Wit! ha, ha, ha.

Ap. Oh! the whole Town allows that—for ſpeaking t'other Day with ſome Gentlemen——you was preſently nam'd, and your Humble Servant ſo happy to be in Compariſon——Lord, *Apiſh*, ſays he, when do you conclude that Match?—For as I always ſaid, you had too much Sincerity for a Courtier——ſo I find the Lady has too much Wit for a Politician in delaying this Affair. [*Taking Snuff very often.*

Anna. Oh good, you make me bluſh—I wonder a Man of your Wit is never troubled with that agreeable Amuſement—the Spleen.

Ap. More than any private Gentleman in *England*, (I except Quality) Why Madam I very often Breakfaſt, Dine, and Sup of the Spleen: Nay, go to Bed and Sleep four and Twenty Hours together purely out of Spleen.—I confeſs, it ſwells a Man to a diſproportion, [*Screwing his Body.*] and is of greater Indulgence than your Ladiſhip's Couch.

Anna. Your Pardon, ha, ha, ha. I can't forbear, ha, ha, ha,———tho' I confeſs 'tis rude.——— [*Laughing affectedly.*

Ap. By Heaven, it becomes you, [*Laughs.*] I had three Perſons with me to day, that never fail to give me a fit of it; My Taylor, Barber, and Bookſeller.

Anna. That may be.——'Tis as impoſſible for the Taylor and Barber to mend his ſhape and Complexion, as it is for the Bookſeller to increaſe his underſtanding. [*Aſide.*

Ap. Dear Creature, a Kiſs for your Thought.

Anna. A little envelop'd in Contemplation.

Ap. Might I preſume to hope, I cou'd the leaſt engage you?

Anna. No.———

Ap. You kill me.

Anna. I'm glad on't.

Ap. Barbarous Beauty.

Anna. Kind Invader———no I mean——

Ap. Deareſt Creature!

Anna. Adieu, ſo if I ſtay one Minute longer, I vow and ſwear I ſhall diſcover the Secret. [*Runs out.*

Ap. Kindly hinted however,——I'll after her——well I ſhall be happy; I ſtand fair in her Aunt's Opinion, and upon my Soul I think ſhe diſcovers her Love the more in endeavouring to conceal it, as the Ladies in the Boxes do, in declining their Heads from a double Entendre. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Wilding *and* Ralph.

Wild. Well, let the Opinion of the World be what it will, Women are vain fantaſtick Creatures,——all Deluſion; and he that truſts 'em is in danger of ſplitting on the Rock of his own Inadvertency. [*Aſide.*] Did you carry the Letter?

Ralph. Yes Sir, but cou'd ſee no Body but *Malapert*, who brought this Anſwer, that her Miſtreſs deſir'd to ſee you an Hour hence: I ſuppoſe the Dragon was there; ſhe wou'd have you look whether the Cloſet Window be ſhut or not; which if it be, you may March into the Cittadel without fear of Ambuſh, provided you come with Sword in Hand.

Enter Gainlove.

Gain. Wilding, well met—I was going to your Lodgings.

Wild. A ſure place not to have found me———I was juſt ſending to you. Well what price bears *Lucia* ſince the laſt interview.

Gain. In Eſtimation, ſhe is a Treaſure not to be valu'd.

Wild. So thou haſt run thy ſelf out of thy Wits with more expedition than a City Projector.

Gain. Prithee hold thy Tongue.

Wild. Why I muſt be free with my Friend; ſhe has found thy blind Paſſion, and ſo thinks to catch you by a reſerv'd Modeſty, as Counterfeit as their Complections; otherwiſe Women are as prodigal of their Favours, as Fools are of their Impertinence; both certain Plagues, and only to be remov'd by a ſevere Reſentment.

Gain. She has Beauty to arreſt the Eyes of a Hermit,——and is ſuch a Conſtellation of Virtue——

Wild. For ought thou knoweſt.

Gain. Say Ice is wanton, or Snow unchaſt, but prithee indulge me in this only.

Wild. Why ſhou'd Women, whom Nature has been liberal to, ſtudy to abuſe it—as they all do, (no reflection on your Goddeſs, *Gainlove*,) both in Face and Shape.

Gain. There are that do ſo———but you ought to have more Charity than to believe it of the whole Sex.

Wild. To ſee a Lady in Diſabilee, with her Night Cloaths pleated about her Face, like a Fortification at a Paſtry-Cooks, and another forbelo'd from top to toe, like a frieſland Hen——Why we gaze indeed becauſe Nature's brought to Bed of a Monſter.

Gain. Why, this makes me more in Love ——— to think, at leaſt to hope ſhe's guilty of none of theſe.

Wild. Why, out of Friendſhip I thought to have preſerv'd you, but ſince you are ſo bent on your ruin ——— I muſt confeſs I have a pretty good Genius at Miſchief, and will do you what diſſervice I can, I can term it no otherwiſe.

Gain. Aſſiſt me but to reach this Happineſs, and command my Life.

Wild. That is, endeavour to raiſe you to that Precipice which will make your Head ach to look down. ——— Well, you may command me. ——— But I wonder what's become of Sir *Feeble*, for as he thrives, you may hope to ſucceed; he muſt be conſulted ——— and ſee where he comes in Metamorphoſis.

Enter Sir *Feeble.*

Wild. You're the Man we wiſh'd for.

Gain. Welcome, dear Sir *Feeble.*

Sir *Feeb.* Avant, I will fly from thee, as I wou'd from the dark Viſions of Idolatry ——— I am no more the prophane Sir *Feeble Goodwil*, I am changed in a twinkling, ——— and am become *Rabſheka* the pure. [*In a canting tone.*

Wild. Prithee leave of this ſtuff.

Sir *Feeb.* Are we alone? [*Looking about.*

Gain. We are.

Sir. *Feeb.* Why then I am as willing to be a little wicked as any of ye ——— but ——— ah ——— I cannot do as I have done. [*Changing his Voice.*] I us'd like a good Inſtrument to be always in tune, but now I am either too flat or loſe my time.

Gain. 'Tis but the other Hands in Conſort humouring you a little, and you may make tolerable Muſick.

Wild. How ſtand your Affairs with the Widow, ——— are you proſperous?

Sir *Feeb.* As Heart can wiſh ——— Boy ——— I am now come to invite you both to my Wedding. ——— Ad I had much ado at firſt, but I ſettled her with a dram of the Bottle ——— which made her incline to Reaſon. I have been opening a Matter of Importance beſides.

Gain. What's that?

Sir *Feeb.* Why I have lay'd down the true value of your Eſtates, and propos'd a Match between you two, and the young Ladys.

Wild. The Devil you have?

Sir *Feeb.*

Sir *Feeb.* The Devil take me if I have not,——and ſhe is well pleas'd with it, that is as I have ſet you out for two of the hopefulleſt young Gentlemen in Town. Eſpecially you, Sir.

Wild. I may modeſtly confeſs that.

Gain. Generous Sir *Feeble*!

Wild. And how do you intend to keep your Word?

Sir *Feeb.* By your Compliance, ſweet Sir, that's all—[*Looking about.*] ad ſo,——yonder's your Rival, juſt come from *Annabella*.

Enter Apiſh.

Wild. He has ſpy'd us, there's no avoiding him,—— 'twou'd mad me he ſhou'd have her of all Men. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Feeb.* Now I muſt return to my Purity again, leſt he diſcover me.

Ap. Dear *Wilding*, poſitively yours.—*Gainlove*, your Servant.——Sir *Feeble*, I kiſs your Hand.

Sir *Feeb.* Thou may'ſt not call me ſo, I am of the Reformed. [*In the canting Tone,*

Wild. Yours Sir, without Ceremony.

Ap. With all my Heart.—Ceremony is as injurious to Friendſhip as Love, and only ſerves to delay a Happineſs.——Sir *Feeble*, I hear you have prevail'd with the Widow.

Sir *Feeb.* I have out of a brotherly Love, promiſed to inſpect the Widows Concerns, and aſſiſt her as a tender Yokefellow, truly.

Ap. I may own without Vanity, that I have gain'd ſome ſmall Conqueſt too; but when I name it, I bluſh to think 'tis more the Lady's Goodneſs, than any Perfection of mine. [*ha, ha, laughs gravely.*

Wild. Oh fie, Mr. *Apiſh*, I thought you had been one of my Humour and defy'd Bondage; ſhou'd the Town hear of your being married, 'ſlife the Coffee-houſes wou'd be fill'd with Cenſure inſtead of Politicks.

Ap. With all my Heart, I am poſitively reſolv'd to venture—*Gainlove*, I wou'd fain have thee of the Family.

Gain. Iam oblig'd to you, but will conſider of it.

Ap. Baniſh Conſideration, 'tis as inconſiſtent with the Gentlemen of this Age, as Devotion,——and practis'd with as much regret. Sir *Feeble* and I will ſpeak a good word for you.

Sir *Feeb.* Verily I will be no Match maker, leſt the Bleſſing ſhould be inverted by the wickedneſs of the Parties, and they live to the diſquiet of their own Conſciences. I will retire,——anon I'll ſend to you. [*To* Wilding.] Farewel. [*Exit.*

Wild. You that have known the Town ſo well, and devoted your ſelf to the Pleaſures of it ſo long ——— 'tis ſtrange.

Ap. Why I have been ſo mortify'd with the Accidents that attended that, I'll hazard no more, ——— beſides what a Scene of Deſolation is a Strumpet's Lodgings. Things lye in as much Confuſion as before the Creation; if you look in the Cloſet, (which muſt be by Surprize) you find here, half a Bottle of dead ſmall Beer, there two or three Candles, a peck of Coals, half a two-penny Loaf, a Cruſt of Cheſhire Cheeſe, a dab of Soap, and a broken Chamber-pot, ——— ha, ha, ha.

Gain. A good Diſcription of *Drury-Lane.* [*Aſide to* Wild.

Wild. He was formerly a Mercer's Apprentice in *Covent-Garden*, and ſo u'd to divert himſelf, when Shop was ſhut in, [*Aſide to* Gain.

Ap. In the Table-drawer, a Toothleſs dirty Comb and Bruſh, ſome Boxes with Pills or Pomatum, perhaps a little Brick-duſt to ſcowr the Teeth, a paper of Patches, ſome ſowr Milk for a Waſh. In the Window a piece of Looking-glaſs, with the Quickſilver half off, and underneath the Bed, the foul Linnen.

Wild. But here at this end of the Town, they paſs for Quality, and are never without Coaches, Chairs and Footmen at the Door, that the Equipage below, may diſcover the Coxcomb aboye.

Ap. I have try'd both, and find no great difference, only that the Landlords here exact great Rents, and are never paid, and there they are as low priz'd as you pleaſe, becauſe I preſume they never expect it.

Gain. You are Satyrical, *Apiſh.*

Ap. I vow 'tis as familiar to me ſometimes as Ratafia to a Lady, [*Grinning.*] ſo all things conſider'd my Thoughts centre in Matrimony.

Enter a Porter.

Wild. How now, who have we here?

Porter. I have a Letter for one Mr. *Wilding*, and was told I might find him hereabouts.

Wild. I am the Man.

Porter, There 'tis, Sir, it requires no Anſwer. [*Exit Porter.*

Ap. A Billet deaux! you are a lucky Man, *Wilding.* I'll take my leave, and wiſh you both as happy as my ſelf. [*Exit.*

Gain. Thou art ſo in thy own Conceit, I dare believe, Nature deſign'd

deſign'd the Fellow a Man, but Affectation makes him a Monſter. What's the Matter? [Wild. *ſeems diſturb'd.*

Wild. Nothing, but what I ſuſpected.——Why *Haughty's* a Gilt, and ſo are all Women; yet I wiſh I cou'd find her Spark.

Gain. Why, what if you cou'd?

Wild. I'd cut his Throat to be reveng'd on her. I'll inſtantly to her, and ſhew her with what Indifference I can bear it; at leaſt endeavour to turn it to a good uſe.

Gain. As how?

Wild. It will be a good Colour for our parting, which I have ſometime wiſh'd for. We ſhall have Order from Sir *Feeble* to appear at the Wedding——where you'll have an Opportunity of ſeeing your Miſtreſs, and what I can ſerve you in, command.

Gain. 'Till then adieu. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE Haughty's *Lodgings.*

Enter Haughty.

Hau. 'Tis within half an Hour of the Time I appointed *Wilding* to come. How ſlow the Minutes paſs to impatient Love? I muſt firſt diſpatch *Fondle*, which will be without Difficulty, he being obliged particularly to meet at 5. tho' his Jealouſie won't let me know it——here he comes.

Enter Fondle *and* Malapert.

'Tis hard to counterfeit a true Love where there's a real Averſion. Dear *Fondle*! [*Runs to him.*] *Malapert*, get ſome Candles ready in the Sconces, and all things as I order'd. This is kind, to beſtow the whole Evening with me.——Lord, I am ſo melancholy without my Dear, that I vow in thy Abſcence my Thoughts grow deſperate, and I weary of living.

Fond. Poor Sweeting——By *George* it breaks my Heart to think I muſt diſappoint her. [*Aſide.*] Yes Sweeting, I am come to ſpend the Evening with thee.

Hau. I hope he's not in earneſt, [*Aſide.*] What will you have for Supper——I have Crawfiſh Soope——a Chair, *Malapert*, you are ſtrangely forgetful——don't you grudge me this happineſs——*Jacky?* [*Patting his Cheeks with her Fan.*

Fond. No by *George*——I don't know how I ſhall get off. [*Aſide.*

Hau.

Hau. Don't you indeed?

Fond. No Faith —— I am come as full charg'd with Affection, as a City Captain with Courage.——Ad I ſhall grant thee no Quarter.

Hau. Pugh, I wonder at you, ſure you think me a ſtrange Creature——why, indeed I do not require——

Fond. No, I know thou doſt not.

Hau. So much——but really I have a ſmall Fancy to the Ear-Rings——but if you do not think it convenient, I am eaſy—— 'tis but fourſcore Pounds——but 'tis no Matter.

Fond. Why, thou ſhalt have 'em, tho' there was never another pair in Town, and in the Hands of a *Jew*.

Hau. I am aſham'd to be ſo troubleſome.

Fond. Come to my Arms and hide thy bluſhing Cheeks, more beautiful than Roſes newly blown [*Mimiking Tragedy.* Faith they do ſpeak ſo prettily at the Play-houſes.——Look here, Sweeting, [*Pulls out a Purſe and ſhakes it.*] I receiv'd a Summ of Money, and pick'd out theſe odd Pieces for thee.

Hau. Nay, I ſwear I will not, do you think my Love is to be brib'd——well *Jacky*, if I did not Love thee tenderly——I proteſt you have made me half Angry. [*Frowning a little.*

Fond. Pugh, prithee leave fooling, Sweeting——[*Aſide.*] Gad I have vext her—Here, here's an *Elizabeth*, and a Medal of Gold of *James* the firſt,——which I took for ten Shillings leſs than it weighs, two *Carolus*'s, and this is—— let me ſee——oh this is, [*Pulls out his Spectacles.*] Now you muſt know, Sweeting, I wear theſe more for the ſaving my Eyes than helping the Sight—— Oh! tis a very fine new Medal of the King of *France*, at the Head of his Army in *Italy*—— and on the Reverſe, the Triumphs at *Vigo*, Coin'd out of the Spaniſh Flota. This is a very ſcarce Piece, for to tell thee the Truth, there's none of 'em yet come over.

Hau. Well, you have a ſtrange perſuading Face——but I won't take 'em. [*Holding her Hand out and looking another way.*

Fond. Efaith but thou ſhalt. [*Making Grimaces.*] Well, I can forbear no longer——ſhe looks ſo tempting.——Come, Sweeting, come, give me a Buſs. [*Kiſſes.*] Faith 'tis as ſweet as—— prithee give me another.

Hau. Nay, now you're ſo—— [*Kiſſes again.*

Fond. Well! ſhou'd ſhe be falſe——'twou'd break my Heart. I have been to blame to ſuſpect ſometimes, but then, ſhe has ſo convinc'd

convinc'd me of her Innocence——Ad my Heart has melted in my Belly——like Ice in the Sun, [*Aſide.*]——Come, I'll go to thy Cloſet, and drink a Dram by way of Cordial, and I'll give thee a Cordial, a Pearl Cordial, I value not what it coſts me——Come, prithee, let's go.

Hau. Indeed you ſha'n't.

Fond. By *George*, I will——I wou'd not break my Oath for a hundred Pounds.

Hau. I won't let you.

Fond. You won't? [*Laughing.*

Hau. I mean, drink ſtrong Waters to prejudice your dear Health.

Fond. Why, then I ſwear.——May all yon Marble Roof meet like the Hand of *Jove*, and cruſh me if I do not.

Hau. You know how to ſoften me to any thing——well go—I'll follow you, I'll but ſpeak to *Malapert*.

Fond. You won't ſtay long? [*Smiling.*

Hau. No, nor you neither [*Aſide.*]——not a Minute. *Malapert.* [*Exit* Fondle, *ſinging Happy I of Humane Race.*

Mal. Your Pleaſure?

Hau. Be you on the Watch leſt *Wilding* come, and be ſure ſend the Porter with the ſham Meſſage as I order'd, if *Fondle* goes not preſently.

Mal. I ſhall Madam.

Hau. Perhaps the Fool's Love fit may laſt.

Mal. Here's a Letter juſt now left for you. I wanted an Opportunity to give it.

Hau. From whom ſhou'd it be? I can bear any Diſappointment but in Love, [*Opens and reads.*

MAdam, permit me tho' a Stranger to tell you you're abu'ſd moſt baſely by that inconſtant Wilding, *who is intrigu'd with three ſeveral Women to my Knowledge, beſides one whom he pretends to Court honourably, with whom I ſaw him laſt Night at the Play: If you uſe this as I intend it, you'll excuſe this Liberty from*

Your unknown Friend and Servant.

The Play-houſe! 'tis as I ſuſpected. O Inſupportable!——Lightning blaſt him, Thunder rivet him to Earth; That Vulture Conſcience prey upon his Heart, and rack him

to

to Deſpair.——Grant me, ye Powers, one lucky hint for Miſchief.

With juſt Revenge, I'll diſſipate my Care,
And cool this Rage as Thunder does the Air.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Table and great Chair.*

Haughty's *Lodgings.*

Enter Haughty *in Paſſion, follow'd by* Wilding.

Hau. Thou art a very Devil.

Wild. Of your own making——but what are you?

Hau. A moſt unthinking Fool, to be perſuaded Man's Breaſt cou'd harbour Gratitude.

Wild. Why, truly Madam, if I have loſt my way——'twas with ſteering by Your Compaſs. [*Careleſly.*

Hau. Can you upbraid me? And with ſuch Majeſtick Inſolence as wou'd inſinuate your want of Guilt.

Wild. Faith, Madam, you do carry it with a very important Air, a Face of conſiderable Aſſurance. [*Sings, but to ſcold, to ſcratch and bite,* &c. *careleſly.*] What may you be fit for now?—Let me ſee——a Milliner's Shop in the City, where you may ſell Ribbons and Gloves by retail, and Iniquity by the whole Piece.

Hau. S'death! can I bear this, and let the Aggreſſor live? He that a Thouſand Times has ſworn he loved me, declin'd his Head upon my panting Boſom, and with warm Sighs kindled a fierce Deſire, whilſt Love triumphant ſtood in every ſmile, and the gay God ſeem'd pleas'd with the Exceſs.——Unworthy Man! can You forget?——Oh! That I had been buri'd quick, [*Crys.* e'er known a Certainty to ſinking Hopes. [*Crys.*

Wild. Pray, Madam, will you give me leave to ask you one Queſtion? Was you never a Player? [*Careleſly.*

Hau. in Rage.] Deſtruction on thee.

Wild

Wild. Why, truly, I thought you might.———You do act a Part of Diſſimulation ſo naturally. [*Sings toll, toll, de roll.*] *I'll rove and I'll range*, &c.

Hau. Do not urge me to an Extravagance which may make you ſoon repent this foul Reproaching.

Wild. Madam, your very humble Servant.———I ſee you are diſpos'd to be very merry, which at preſent don't ſuit my Temper ———So your Servant.

Hau. Stay, one Word before you go. [*Cryes.*] Will you not think of the paſt happy Minutes? (to me indeed, they were) tho' perjur'd you wou'd talk, and ſigh, and wiſh, and ſwear, with artful Cunning,———O that that Heart was truly purg'd from the black Deeds of thy Diſhonour! I cou'd again betray my ſelf to love thee [*Calmly.*] gaze on thee with devouring Eyes, temper our kiſſes with a balmy Sweetneſs, think of no pleaſure but within thy Arms, nor wiſh for ought but to preſerve you mine. [*Cryes.*

Wild. What can this mean? [*Aſide.*] Madam, I muſt go.

Hau. I'll ſign your Paſport,——your falſe Heart ſhall bleed. [*Pulls out a Dagger and offers to ſtab.* Wilding. *Wild. diſarms her.*] Madam, your humble Servant again.——The Proverb is true, *Too much Familiarity breeds Contempt.* I think 'tis high time to part———a very pretty piece of Steel,—well pointed, and very ſuitable to the uſe intended. I wou'd not willingly rob you, you don't know but you may have Occaſion for it your ſelf.———I am not ſo far gone to enter into a ſteel Courſe.

Hau. Curſe on the Hand that cou'd perform no better. Villain! were it in my Power, thou ſhoud'ſt not live a Moment to repent.

Wild. I know your Generoſity, and ſince we were Partners in Iniquity, let us draw off and part ſtock fairly; we have been extravagant, but our greateſt expence (as I thought) was Love; I'm ſure I always endeavour'd to pay my Club; but ſome People are never eaſie but when they are treated, and wou'd have Love dreſs'd as many ways as a Raggouſt or Fricaſſe.

Hau. I am reſolv'd to haunt thee thro the World, till glutted with Revenge, and my light Head reels with exceſs of Joy, then will I, in the frantick Moment, act prevention to that deadly Foe, Relapſe.

Wild. Imperious! what may I ſay? 'tis I have reaſon to expoſe what you extenuate. My Love, your Slave, that waited for your

Summons, wing'd with deſire and keener Appetite, flew eagerly to your Embraces? and muſt I be the property of haſty Luſt, a Drudge for what was meant to pleaſe another? Now we will part, and that my Reaſon may have Force and Credit to juſtifie my Honour, read that. [*Gives a Letter.*

Hau. And that thy Baſeneſs now may ſtrike thee Dumb, read that. [*Throws him a Letter.*

Wild. Read it! ay with all my Heart —— come let's ſee what farther Stratagem.

Hau. The very ſame with mine, only the Name chang'd! [*Aſide.*

Wild. Word for word, by this light ——only *Wilding* inſtead of *Haughty* ——— How the Devil can this be? [*Aſide.*

Hau. Aſide.] If I have wrong'd him, [*Both ſtand looking earneſtly at one another.*] by unjuſt Suſpicion, how ſhall I make atonement for my Fault?

Wild. This is very intricate to me, I can't tell what to make of it, unleſs ſome dear, young, ſweet, pretty Creature has ſeen and lik'd me, and grows jealous upon hearing of this Intrigue ——— Ah that I had her in my Cuſtody, I'd make her ſmart for this Miſchief [*Aſide.*] You ſee, Madam, we are both impos'd upon, they are word for word the ſame, the Hands if you compare 'em the ſame too; this is ſome induſtrious piece of Malice, to ſeparate our kinder Inclinations, or elſe 'tis what you wiſh might come to paſs.

Hau. If I have been uneaſie to my ſelf.
Rack'd with that foul tormenting Devil Jealouſie,
Pardon the Crime, caus'd by my too much Love,
And take me, take me, once more to your Arms.

Wild. Aſide.] Pox on't, how ſhe ſoftens into Love! and I have ſuch a damn'd amorous Whim juſt now in my Head that I can deny her nothing, ——— the Devil is induſtrious and ſeldom fails of his part. [*To her.*] Come give me your Hand, and promiſe me to curb this wild Intemperance, and with this Kiſs we'll ſeal Oblivion. [*They kiſs.*

Hau. Take a thouſand more, and entertain no other Thought but Love.

Wild. So when the threatning ſtormy Clouds are gone,
The Day again is gilded by the Sun.

[*Both going off*, Fondle *calls without.*

Fond. without.] Sweeting, Sweeting.

Hau.

Hau. What shall we do, 'tis *Fondle*'s Voice, he's unexpectedly return'd, and will ruin all. My Passion was so great I cou'd not think of what might happen.

Mal. without.] I tell you, Sir, my Mistress is just set down in the great squabb Chair to sleep.

Wild. What! no Conveniency, no back Stairs or Trap-door?

Hau. None, none; what shall I do? follow me into the next Room.

Wild. Ay, any where to save thy Reputation, my Dear.

[*Exit with* Wilding, *and re-enters.*

Fond. without.] I tell you I will go in.

Hau. I heard *Malapert* say, I was asleep. I'll set down in this Chair and Counterfeit. [*Sets as asleep.*] [*A Book on the Table.*

Enter Fondle.

Fond. Look if poor Sweeting be not as fast as an old Woman in Sermon time. Ad, I'll steal a Pair of Gloves——let me see, I will first salute that pouting under Lip———then the tip of her Nose,——then her pretty Pigs Neyes——and then———but I will leave that till anon. [Fondle *kisses her.*

Hau. For Heaven sake don't Murther me. [*She wakes as frightned.* I have nothing, pray———

Fond. 'Tis I, Sweeting, 'tis I. What wast in a Dream?

Hau. Who, Mr. *Fondle?* I was just a dreamt that Rogues broke into the House and were going to kill me———Lord, how prodigiously I sweat with the Fright!

Fond. O good! immoderately Faith———

Hau. Well! and how came Dear to be so good to return? I did not expect thee to Night.

Fond. Why, there was no body met according to appointment.

Hau. Indeed, I'm glad of it.

Fond. Faith so am I, upon second Thoughts.———Come, let us go into the next Room.

Hau. My Heart misgives me———where you please. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *a Chamber. A Preſs ſtanding.*

Re-enter Fondle *and* Haughty.

Fond. Come give me a Buſs, Sweeting.

Hau. I won't, 'cauſe you're Naughty, and han't brought me my Cornelian Seal, which the Man ſaid ſhou'd be done three Days ago.

Fond. Ad ſo, well remembred ——— I have it in my Pocket, and forgot to give it thee. ——[*Searches his Pocket.*] I can't find it, ——— ſure I han't loſt it ——— let me conſider ——— good lack, that I ſhould be ſo forgetful! ——'tis in the Preſs in my new Coat-Pocket, —— thou ſhalt have it preſently.

[*Going to unlock the Preſs.*

Hau. Unfortunate Demand! [*Aſide.*] Nay you ſhan't trouble your ſelf now, anon will do as well, —— I did but jeſt.

Fond. And thou ſhalt have it in earneſt, this Minute.

Hau. You ſhan't open it now, ——— My Lady *Highmode* was viſiting me ſince you went, and came with ſuch a ſurprize *Malapert* was forc'd to thruſt all the foul Linen in there, which lay ready for the Waſher-woman.

[*She holds him, he breaks from her, and opens it.*

Fond. Piſh, I ſhan't trouble my ſelf with the foul Linen. I ſwear thou ſhalt have it now.

[*Opens the Preſs, and diſcovers* Wilding *in it.*

Hau. All, all is ruin'd by my Heedleſneſs. [*Aſide.*

Fond. ſtarts. Blood! —— Fire! —— Woman! —— what have I done? Thou perjur'd Fair! to uſe me thus! [*Cry's.*] The *Anthropophagi* (as I have read) who devour'd the Fleſh of Man were civiliz'd to thee, thou ——Cormorant! [*To her.*] Sir, I hope without Offence, I may ask you one civil Queſtion or two, for you look indeed to be a very civil Gentleman, ——much a Gentleman I dare ſwear ——pray Sir, how came you hither? and for what came you hither? and why did you not like a Gentleman return before you came to do me this Injury?

Wild. Three pretty Interrogatories ——— and deſerve longer time to be anſwer'd: But why are you thus tranſported? I have done you no Injury.

Fond. O Lord, Sir! none at all, not in the leaſt, Sir, ——— but

I'm

I'm a little Cholerick or ſo Sir, for which I ask your Pardon.

Hau. What ſhall I do? Invention has left me, and poor *Wilding*'s at a ſtand, kind Fortune help me but this once.

Fond. Love and Jealouſie rend my Brain.——Ah Sweeting, thou haſt abus'd me much,——the foul Linen was in the Preſs,——I doubt this worthy Gentleman has ſadly rumpl'd thine.

Enter Malapert *and whiſpers* Haughty.

Mal. I have heard all, now for good luck. Dear Madam, forgive me this once, and if ever I commit ſo great a fault again—

Hau. Ha, ha, ha,——ha, ha, ha.——ha, ha.

[*Laughs immoderately.*

Fond. Oh Impudence!

Hau. Ha, ha, ha,——ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, he.

Wild. If ſhe brings this off handſomely, I ſhall admire her Wit.

Fond. Very pretty, truly.

Hau. Ha, ha, ha,——oh! ſupport me, or I ſhall dye with laughing—ha, ha, 'tis ſo comical——ha, ha, ha.

Fond. So comical! the Devil take me if I can find any Comedy in it.

Hau. Prithee tell it thy ſelf——I want Breath. ha, ha, ha.

Mal. I will, if you'll forgive me.

Hau. Being the firſt time,——but have a care of doing ſo again.

Mal. Having firſt beg'd my Lady's Pardon, Sir, I muſt humbly entreat yours for being the cauſe of all this Diſorder.——You muſt know, this Gentleman for ſome time paſt has honour'd me with his Addreſſes.

Wild. Confound you——but it ſhall be ſo for this time.

[*Aſide.*

Mal. I confeſs too, I have given him ſome encouragement,—but was much afraid his Deſign was only to debauch me, which I have ſwore a thouſand times I wou'd dye rather than ſuffer. Have I not, Sir? pray ſpeak the truth.

Wild. 'Tis but reaſon I ſhou'd do her that Juſtice.——She has upon my Honour.

Mal. Your very humble Servant.——Truth may go bare fac'd, I wou'd not tell you a lye for the whole World, for all I'm a Chambermaid——but Pray, Sir, hear. [*To* Fondle.] This Gentleman to whom I am [Fond. *ſtares as amaz'd all this while*] oblig'd to for honouring me with a Viſit,——tho' I hate and loath his Intentions,

tentions, if not honourable, came juſt as you went away, immediately after came my Lady *Highmode* to wait on your Ladiſhip; I was in great Trouble to know how to diſpoſe of this Gentleman, knowing if he was found here you wou'd either laugh at me for my Folly, or condemn me for my Impudence.—— What think you, Sir? [*To* Fondle.

Fond. In troth I know not what to think.—— I am amaz'd,—— I am confounded—— I am————

Mal. Nay, pray hear me out,—— and having no Opportunity to convey him down Stairs, deſir'd his humble Condeſcenſion to repoſe a while in that Preſs—— for which I ask your Pardon a thouſand times, Sir.———I had diſcharg'd you ſooner, but this Gentleman [*Pointing to* Fondle.] came, by way of Interruption, and ſpoil'd ſome good Intentions.

Fond. If this ſhou'd be true now I have done finely; well, hang me if I don't believe it. [*Aſide.*] One Queſtion more, and I have done.—— Pray what made you make that Excuſe about the Linen? [*To* Haughty.

Hau. Nay, let her anſwer for her Wickedneſs.

Mal. Indeed, Madam, I'll never do ſo again, 'tis the firſt Lie I have told this half Year.——— When you was going to the Preſs for your Night-Gown, fearing you ſhould catch cold by ſleeping, I diſſuaded you from it, by telling you 'twas ſultry hot, and that I had hid the Linen there.

Fond. May I believe this?

Hau. Can you ſuſpect me? Oh unhappy Woman!

Fond. Well, I will believe thee.—— Ad, it pleaſes me mightily that I have been extremely cholerick without the leaſt cauſe. [*Smiles.* Tho' Faith I did not know what to make of this at firſt.

Mal. Sir, I don't doubt but you long to be releas'd, if you pleaſe, I'll ſhew you the way.

Fond. I am very ſorry I ſhou'd diſturb you, and henceforward will learn to be more civil.

Wild. I am glad this Lady's Honour's clear'd; and how far my Inclinations ſerve for Mrs. *Malapert*, you ſuddenly ſhall know.

Fond. Nay, for that let her look to't, I ſhan't trouble my Head about it.

Wild. Madam, your Servant; Sir, I am yours.

[*Exit with* Malapert.

Fond. Sir, your Servant again.—— A whoring Dog I'll warrant him.

him. ——Sweeting, bid *Malapert* take care of——— You underſtand me. ——— He may be a Tenant at Will, but if he takes a Leaſe for a Month, I'll be bound to take one for ninety nine Years, and ſtand to all Repairs.

Hau. Well, this Wench hath provok'd both my Anger and Mirth, but if ever I find———

Fond. Prithee be quiet. ——I ſhou'd be glad ſhe was well rid of her, for—[*Aſide.*] Come, Sweeting, we'll play a Game at Cribbidge till Supper's ready.

Hau. With all my heart.——— [*Aſide.*] Fortune thus far has favour'd, but ſtill Security's the ſafe Repoſe; even juſt this very Moment

A happy Thought perſuades me to give o'er,
And truſt her fickle Ladiſhip no more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Widow* Purelight's *Houſe.*

Enter Annabella *in Man's Cloaths, and* Lucia.

Anna. Well, Couſin, how d'ye like me? Don't I look like a young, hot, madbrain'd Puppy, that values his Reputation as little as the faſhionable Rakes of the Age? In this Dreſs of Snuff, Powder, and Aſſurance, I'll be hang'd if I did not bully the Box-keeper out of three Acts of the Play.

Lucia. I vow I wou'd perſuade you to deſiſt, and not perſue this uncertain mad Frolick any farther.

Anna. Prithee never trouble your ſelf, thus arm'd with a ſeeming Courage, a great deal of Impudence, ſome ten thouſand Lies, and no Money, I don't doubt but I ſhall return triumphant like a young Voluntier from *Rodondella.*

Lucia. But there may be Danger in it, and you ſurpriz'd before you are aware.

Anna. Fear not that, if he ſhou'd draw his Sword, I have conſulted that that will ſoon turn the Point againſt himſelf.

Lucia. Well, thou'rt a mad Girl, and wilt have thy own way.

Anna. I was born free as Air, and will uſe my Liberty while I have it, tho' I fear the time draws nigh that I ſhall part with it, ——— that makes me melancholy.——— But then again there are Ways and Means, without the help of an Act of Parliament,

liament, to make it eaſie ——— that pleaſes me very much.

Lucia. Well, here will be great Enquiry after you, all things are prepar'd, and Sir *Feeble* inſtantly expected. My Mother juſt now declar'd her Intentions, and as ſoon as he comes, *Jephurneh*, hum, and haw, the zealous Holder-forth is to do the Execution.

Anna. There will be your Spark, and my roving Devil of Inconſtancy. Take you no notice of me, ſay you have not ſeen me ſince ſuch a time. I muſt begin with *Apiſh*, I'll leave things to your Diſcretion, and you ſhall ſee or hear from me anon; by this I ſhall ſee if he does love me however.

Lucia. I wiſh you good Succeſs, but 'tis a mad Project.

Anna. Succeſs is the only true Merit that is extant, Child.

[*Exeunt ſeveral ways.*

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Sir Feeble *and* Gainlove.

Gain. I have ſent to *Wilding*'s, to meet us at the Widow *Purelight*'s preſently.

Sir *Feeb.* That's well. —— Ad, I'm not above five and thirty. I have taken a Strengthner, the true Elixir for the Family of the *Feebles*. —— The Quinteſſence of five Game Cocks, ten dozen of Sparrows, 2 Knuckles of Veal, Potato Roots, Marrow, Currel, and Ambergreaſe, which will make an old Fellow of fifty five make Love like a Nobleman's Chaplain in Lent.

Gain. Sir *Feeb.* when you find an Opportunity draw off the Company, for I wou'd ſpeak once more to *Lucia*.

Sir *Feeb.* I will. ——— Come let us be gone. ——— Ad, I am as vigorous as a Sailor after an *Eaſt-India* Voyage. ——— I will get upon her Body ſuch a parcel of puritannical Whelps as ſhall new ſtock *Penſilvania*.

SCENE, *A Chamber.*

Apiſh *at a Table.*

Ap. Hey, who waits there? [*Enter a Footman.*] Bid *Cæſar* bring his Account. [*Exit Footman.*] And then for my dear *Annabella.* ——— 'Tis a charming Creature, and loves me, that's Paſs: ——— But how long ſhall I love her? Till we're marry'd. ——— But what does Fruition breed? ——— Brats and Indifference. ——— And when it comes to Indifference, a Gentleman muſt be very ill-natur'd to make himſelf eaſie. ——— Why then ſhou'd I marry? ——— Why I have try'd all the Faſhions of the Town but that; beſides, when I am married, and hate my Wife heartily ——— I ſhall think my ſelf a very great Man.

Enter a Black Servant with a long white Wigg.

Serv. Here is the Bohe your Honour ordered me to make.

Ap. Take it away, I drink none. ——— I am to be in the Company of Ladies ——— 'tis too diuretick. ——— Where's your Account?

Serv. Here, an pleaſe you.

Ap. Read it.

Serv. Laid out for the laſt Month, at ſeveral times, for Powder and Pulvileo, three Pounds.

Ap. Very cheap.

Serv. For Caſſia, Eringoe, and ſcented Lozenges to ſweeten the Breath, four Pound ten.

Ap. Very great Neceſſaries in Converſation.

Serv. For *Warham's* Paſte for the Hands, and *Povey's* Powder for the Teeth, two Guineas.

Ap. Go on.

Serv. For Complexion Waters, as Lemon, Orange, Cittern, Roſa Solis, Spirit of Clarey, and the like, ten Pounds.

Ap. Very reaſonable.

Serv. Ten Guineas given, by your Order, to Orange *Betty* at the New Play-houſe, for the *Suſſex* Virgin ſhe brought you.

Ap. Damn'd extravagant.

Serv. And five more to the little Scrivener in *Fetter-Lane*, for ſetting Matters to rights again.

Ap. Two damn'd *Items*, ——— and have put me out

of Humour. ——— I'll hear no more. ——— Is the Balance right?

Serv. To a Farthing.

Ap. Thou art fit to be truſted for making Accounts ſo even ——— Go you to *Will*'s Coffee-Houſe and wait.

Serv. Till your Honour comes?

Ap. No, I ſhan't be there to day. ——— But your Livery looks well and freſh. ——— Be gone, and if any body ask for me, tell 'em I'm not there. [*Exit.*] If one was to keep nothing about one but what was abſolutely neceſſary, we ſhou'd loſe half the Magnificence of a Perſon of Quality. For why ſhou'd not I keep a Man-Cook in my Houſe, becauſe I never dine at home, ——— or a Coach and Six, becauſe one generally goes in a Hackney? The Thought's ignoble, and gives me Diſturbance.

Enter Footman.

Foot. Here's a Gentleman deſires to ſpeak with your Honour.

Ap. Admit him.

Re-enters with Annabella.

Anna. Sir, your moſt humble Servant.

Ap. I'm yours. [*Careleſly.*

Anna. I ſuppoſe you don't know me.

Ap. Sir, you gueſs very well.

Anna. I ſhall endeavour to make my ſelf known.

Ap. You'll much oblige me in not being long about it.

Anna. I have had the Honour to do her Majeſty ſome Service in the late Expedition.

Ap. Very like, Sir.

Anna. And tho' I ſay it, I think I can live in Fire and Smoak as well as another.

Ap. Of a Lady's Bedchamber, perhaps.

Anna. Blood and Thunder! d'ye mock me?

[*Laying Hand to Sword.*

Ap. Not I, Sir, pray go on. ——— By Heaven a Bully of the Foot Guards. [*Aſide.*

Anna. I'll be interrupted no more, that's the word.

Ap. You ſhan't, Sir. ——— This Fellow's Impertinence will detain me from *Annabella.* [*Aſide.*

Anna. In ſhort, my Name is *Granada Wildfire*, my Coat the three Mortars, and my Motto *Sanguis & Vulnera.*

Ap. Of a noble Family indeed.

Anna. Next

Anna. Next, to my Buſineſs.———I am inform'd that ſince I have been puſhing for Honour abroad, you have been endeavouring to ſpring a Mine to blow up my Reputation here, and debauch the Inclination of my deareſt Miſtreſs, *Annabella Richmore.*

Ap. A very odd Face of Affairs,——What ſhall I ſay? [*Aſide.* Pardon me, Sir, you are miſinform'd.

Anna. Slaughter and Deſolation! d'ye give me the lye?

[*Offers to draw.*

Ap. Oh! no Sir, by no means———give you the lye, Sir! I am more a Gentleman,———I muſt confeſs I have had a tender for the fair *Annabella.*

Anna. Then one of us muſt dye.——Come, Sir, let one of your Servants call a Coach.

Ap. My own, Sir, is at your Service if you're in haſte to go any where.

Anna. No trifling, you know my meaning, I muſt have Satisfaction.

Ap. What Satisfaction wou'd you have?———I ſwear I never lov'd any Woman ſo well to fight for her——propoſe Sir.

Anna. Why, Sir, you muſt renounce all farther thoughts of my Miſtreſs, and forget all that's paſt.

Ap. Will that ſuffice?

Anna. For once it ſhall.

Ap. Then damme if I don't with all my Heart.

Anna. Here ſign this Paper then. [*Gives him a Paper.*

Ap. 'Tis done,——not that you, [*Writes.*] force me to this——but as I hope to be ſav'd I ever hated her.

Anna. 'S death! he that hates whom I adore, tho' he'd a thouſand Lives, they were too little for Revenge.

Ap. Not hate her, Sir, I did not mean hate her.

Anna. You had not beſt, Sir, and ſo farewel. [*Exit.*

Ap. What a Heat the Devil has put me into?

Enter Servant and Exit.

Heigh bid the Coach be ready, I'll take the Air. Now I'm alone, I don't love her at all, the Terms being ſo hard. Marriage and Love are as inconſiſtent as Honour and Poverty, the Obligation's ſo great one can never pay it; and who wou'd for the Pleaſure of the firſt Night, be condemn'd to lye in the Queen's Bench of Matrimony all his Life after. [*Exit.*

SCENE *Widow* Purelight's *Houſe, Enter Sir* Feeble *with the Widow in his Hand follow'd by* Lucia, Gainlove, Wilding, *&c.*

Sir *Feeb.* The great work is done, verily 'tis finiſhed, and Conſummation approacheth like the joyfulneſs even of Joy; I will cleave unto thee with the Bowels of ſincerity, till the frailty of Nature paſſeth away, and we both ſteal to Heaven, *Nemine Contradicente.*

Purel. Heigh-ho. I ſhall not be able to bear it.

Sir *Feeb.* Fear nothing, I will be thy ſupport. I am tranſported even as it were at the receiving of Inſtructions.

Purel. Thou ſayſt indeed, but may I depend upon thee? thy outward Man I fear will prevail, and thou wou't return as I may ſay, to Corruption. Ah! how ſhall I do to keep thy Feet from falling.

Sir *Feeb.* Once more I ſay, fear nothing. I will have fear to fly, that is to fly before thee like the Clouds of darkneſs, and thou ſhalt ſhine upon me, I ſay thou ſhalt ſhine upon me like the pure Light. I have a warm Zeal, which heateth me exceedingly, yea inclineth me to good Works, and cauſeth me to bid open defiance to Bell and the Dragon.

Purel. Verily I think thou ſpeakeſt with the Voice of Inſtruction, and I have not edify'd more ſince the Day; I will hide my ſelf in thy Boſom, and be not far from thy Heart of Grace. I will receive from thee Conſolation, that is whereby we may be comforted, I ſay that is concorporated even as the Ivy and the Oak———hum.

Sir *Feeb.* Hum,——repoſe thy ſelf a while,———and ye my Friends, I have provided an Entertainment on this Occaſion full of innocent Diverſion, and to be performed by the Brethren themſelves in Unity and Meekneſs.

A Dance of five Quakers.

Then riſe and Speak.

Sir *Feeb. to Gain.*] Now is your time [*Aſide.*] Come, Friends, we will retire into the innermoſt Chamber, and Solace our ſelves in pure Affection.

Purel.

Purel. *Lucia*, haſt thou no Tydings of thy Cozen *Annabella?*

Lucia. Her Maid told me ſhe went out in a Hackney-Coach about an Hour ago and is not return'd.

Purel. Truly ſhe is hairbrain'd, and wanteth a Yoakfellow to guide her Underſtanding. Verily there is a Perverſeneſs which abideth in our Earth [Wild. *Aſide.*] I'm glad ſhe's abroad; for methinks I never ſee her, but my Heart is ready to turn Rebel.

[*Exeunt Omnes præter* Gain. *&* Lucia.

Gain. pulls Lucia.] Pardon, dear Madam, that I ſhou'd preſume
by the Sleeve.] To ask one Moment's ſtay, but if you weigh
The Cauſe, your Goodneſs muſt forgive.

Lucia. What is it you wou'd ask me, Mr. *Gainlove?*

Gain. That's what I fear,—— becauſe 'tis of more value
Than Life, or any other Happineſs.

Lucia. Then your Addreſs is wrong, for 'tis not in
My power to diſpoſe of things ſo pretious.

Gain. The harder Fate to poor precarious Lovers
That you ſhou'd have the immediate power to wound
Yet want the Will to heal that Wound you give.

Lucia. Love in the Mouth of one of your Gallantry
Inclines me to Suſpicion, not Belief;
The many Arts you have to palliate
A looſe Deſire, are ſufficient Grounds
To make me think you miſinterpret Love.

Gain. A vertuous Love has no diſguiſe, but flows
Like the pure Chryſtal Stream, and is
Tranſparent to the bottom.

Lucia. So it may then appear, but once the Soil
Diſturb'd by accidental Violence
Polluted grows, and cannot for a time
Be what it was; then who wou'd madly truſt
To what th' officious Wind can ſully with a Breath.

Gain. Chaſte as the Phœnix ſhall my Flame endure
And Life and Love, both equally decay
My Soul, my all is yours; believe but this
And uſe me as you pleaſe.

Lucia. I muſt be gone; we ſhall be miſt.

Gain. May I but hope?

Lucia. I can no more but this.—— Cou'd I believe you —

Gain.

Gain. Kiſſes.] By this Kiſs,
More ſweet than all the Odours of the *Eaſt*,
By your dear Self, brighter than *Phœbus* Rays,
My Liberty, my Peace is cheaper far
Than the leaſt Smile from that fair Face of yours.

Lucia. Nay now you force me from you———
I wiſh I had not ſeen you. [*Exit.*

Gain. For Heaven's ſake, Madam———She's gone. And what have I to hope? For ſhe wiſh'd ſhe had not ſeen me, ſuffer'd a Kiſs with modeſt Negligence, ſigh'd as by Miſtake, this fills my Heart with Joy. I will proceed,

For ſoft endearing Kiſſes do forerun
Another buſineſs that is to be done. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Tavern.*

Mrs. Rheniſh *in the Bar, ſeveral Drawers and Waiters.*

Mrs. *R.* SPeak in the Lion———What a Pox, are ye all aſleep?

All together.] Coming up, Sir.

Mrs. *R.* Why in my Conſcience theſe Fellows are mad. What all run together headlong as if the Devil in Hell was in you? Ye herd of Swine.

1 *Draw.* A Bottle of Mergus in the Dolphin, ſcore.

Mrs. *R.* And do but ſee what a Bottle the Blockhead has brought——Sirrah break me this Bottle, or I ſhall make bold to break your Head———What, wou'd ye give my Wine away? That Bottle holds near a Quart.

Enter Cook.

Daſh. Cook, Cook ſpeak in the Pomgranet———Nay your Knife won't protect you; Captain *Bluſter* has diſcover'd three Thigh Bones in the Chicken you fricaſſed for him, and ſwears louder than the blowing up of a Powder-Mill.

Cook.

Cook. Why, Madam, 'twas your Fault——you wou'd have me toſs up what my Lord what d'ye call him left.

Mrs. *R.* Get thee gone, and mind thy Kitchin——I'll ſpeak to him my ſelf.——Why where a Plague are ye———d'ye think this will do when the Houſe is ſo full———muſt they call their Hearts out in the Vine before you'll go to 'em?

All bauling.] Coming up, Sir, coming up my Maſters.

Mrs. *R.* Yelp, yelp——One and all, like a pack of Whelps as you are——work more with your Head, and leſs with your Heels, and I'll be flea'd if buſineſs don't go on better.

3 *Draw.* A Quart of Red Port in the Mitre, a Bottle of Pontack in the Griffin, a Pint of Palm in the Bull-Head, ſcore.

Enter two Gentlemen *drunk as going out of the Houſe.*

All the Draw.] Welcome, Sir, welcome Gentlemen, ye are very welcome, Sir.

1 *Gent.* Rot me if I don't love thee *Jack*, [*Hickup.*] come——kiſs me, dear Boy, and be damn'd. [*Hickup.*

2 *Gent.* Thou art a very——ho——honeſt Fellow d'ye ſee, [*Hickup.*] and to do thee ſervice, I did not care if I drank to——tother Bottle——but you are drunk, [*Hickup.*] very drunk.

1 *Gent.* Look'ye, I don't love quarrelling, but he that ſays I am drunk, d'ye ſee, lyes; for I am no more drunk than he that can't ſtand. [*Falls down.*

2 *Gent.* Why, did not I tell thee that thou wert drunk?——Now will I ſet thee again upon thy Legs.

[*Goes to help him, and falls himſelf.*

Mrs. *R.* Here *Daſh* and *Sly*, ſee theſe Gentlemen in a Coach and take care they loſe nothing. [*Take 'em up and lead 'em out.*

Enter a Woman Maſqu'd.

Maſque. Madam, have any Gentlemen left Number Three?

Mrs. *R.* Show up in the Maidenhead.

1 *Draw.* Madam, they find fault with the Wine, in the Feathers.

Mrs. *R.* Draw a Bottle of the ſame, and tell 'em you have peirc'd a freſh Piece to oblige 'em.

2 *Draw.* A Beef-ſtake preſently, in the Maidenhead, for the Lady that is juſt gone up.

Mrs. *R.* I thought the Whore was faſting, her Breath was ſo ſtrong.

2 *Draw.* And pay the Coachman.

Mrs. *R.*

Mrs. *R.* What muſt you have, Coachman?

Coach. What you pleaſe above a Shilling.

Mrs. *R.* Whence came you?

Coach. From *Coulſon*'s Court in *Drury-Lane*, where I have been often bilk'd——and that made me follow ſo cloſe now.

Mrs. *R.* There's your Money. [*Exit.*

Who ſpeaks in the half-Moon?

3 *Draw.* I have the Wine in my Hand. Coming up, Sir. A Bottle of Hermitage in the half-Moon, a Flask of Obrion in the Caſtle, ſcore.

Mrs. *R.* Make haſte, you Sot. I lie ſcoring, and ſcoring, and no Wine carry'd up; they'll think much when the Bill comes to be paid.

Enter Wilding *and* Daſh.

Wild. Your Servant Mrs. *Rheniſh.*

Mrs. *R.* Sweet Mr. *Wilding*, yours.

Daſh. Your Servant Maſter, Maſter pleaſe to walk into a Room, upon my word Maſter, I'll ſhew you a very good Room and very private, if you have any Body coming to you.

Wild. Truly, *Daſh*, I have no great occaſion for privacy now, but however I thank thee, *Daſh.*

Daſh. Oh Maſter! you don't know but you may when the Play's done, Maſter, [*Bowing.*] tho' truly, Maſter, my own natural Father us'd to ſay, a lewd Woman was like a pair of St. *Martin*'s Shoes.

Wild. How ſo, *Daſh*?

Daſh. Why, Sir, bought more for Neceſſity, than Service. The only Convenience is in finding 'em ready made, ready made, Sir.

Wild. Prithee ſhew where thou wou't. *A great noiſe and ringing the Bell: Drawers running up and down in Confuſion.*

All Draw. Coming up, Coming up, Sir. [*Ex.* Wild. *and* Drawer.

Re-enter as in a Room, Wilding, *and* Drawer *lays a clean Cloth upon the Table.*

Daſh. What Wine will you pleaſe to drink, Maſter?——Coming up, Sir.

Wild. Thou know'ſt I'm for Red, honeſt *Daſh.*

Daſh. I'll bring you a Bottle of ſuch Wine, ſhall out-ſmell and ſtain a Rasberry——upon my Faith I will, Maſter——Coming up, Sir. [*Exit.*

Wild.

Wild. Alone.] I wonder *Gainlove* does not come, 'tis paſt the time appointed: Perhaps he and his Miſtreſs are at croſs purpoſes. Well in my Opinion 'tis a very unprofitable Diverſion, to play at a Game where both are ſure to loſe.

Re-enter Daſh *with a Bottle of Wine, fills a Glaſs and ſets it on the Table.*

Daſh. Maſter, here's a Lady in a Coach asks if you are here, I told her I cou'd not tell poſitively, but I'd enquire——Now if you han't a Mind to be here, I have it at my Tongue's end. [*Bowing.*

Wild. May be ſome ſtrowling Strumpet that has been driving about all day and wants me to diſcharge her Coach.

Daſh. Nay, Sir, by her Rigging, one wou'd think ſhe was able to keep her own; tho' that might come from the Mans too. Her Face I cou'd not ſee, but ſhe has a curious white Hand——and a very engaging Diamond Ring on her Finger. [*Bowing.*

Wild. Ha! go wait on her up, be who ſhe will, with reſpect.

Daſh. I ſhall Sir.——Coming up.——

[*Exit, and Enters with Mrs.* Haughty *Maſqu'd.*

Wild. Now am I between hope and fear, like a Pilot that has loſt his Courſe. [Haughty *makes ſigns to* Wild. Go, begone. [*To* Daſh.

Daſh. Aſide to Wild.] Did not I tell you, Maſter, you might have occaſion for a private Room.——You ſhall always find *Timothy Daſh* your moſt humbe Servant. Coming up Sir. [*Exit.*

Wild. My dear *Haughty!*—— [*They embrace.*

Hau. My dear *Wilding*——are not you ſurpriz'd to ſee me here?

Wild. 'Tis a happineſs I did not expect ſo ſuddenly.

Hau. 'Tis ſuch I mean it both to you and me.

Wild. I ſhall be glad to act in any thing that may oblige you.

Hau. Who d'ye think's below and has dog'd me hither?

Wild. I cannot gueſs.

Hau. Fondle.

Wild. Fondle!

Hau. Yes indeed, and I'm glad of it. Nay 'tis according to my deſign, for I pretending to be out of Humour, took a Hackney Coach and bid the Fellow drive ſoftly, that he might have the opportunity of diſcovering where I went.

Wild. Aſide.] What does ſhe mean?

Hau. Tho' he ſeem'd pacifi'd with *Malapert*'s excuſe, he has been ſo jealous and ill humour'd ever ſince, that I believe he wou'd gladly break all farther intimation.

Wild. I hope ſhe does not intend to throw her ſelf upon me. [*Aſide.*] *Fondle* diſloyal! Incredible.

Hau. Now to convince him of an Intrigue between you and me; you muſt lead me down, that he may ſee us together. I'll ſeem to be very Fond, and pray do you ſeem to be very Familiar.

Wild. This looks ſtrangely to me——Why this will entirely ruin your Intereſt with him.

Hau. Why there you're miſtaken——for 'tis in Order to eſtabliſh it upon a much firmer Foundation.

Wild. Still more perplext————but guide me as you pleaſe.

Hau. Come then, take me by one Hand.————So, throw the other round my Waſte, and lead me to the Coach.————So—— the reſt leave to me and I dare warrant Succeſs. [*Exeunt.*

[*Re-enter and croſs the Stage laughing.*

Enter Fondle. [*Seeing 'em go off.*

Fond. I am convinc'd, and Woman is the Devil.————Now do not I know whether I ſhall have the Heart to Hang, Drown, or Shoot my ſelf, take a Doſe of Opium or ſome deadly Poyſon————Well I'll conſider on't————I'll firſt go and have that Witch *Malapert* flea'd alive, and her Skin ſtuff'd with her own Iniquity to hang up in *Greſham* College; obdurate Woman one ſhou'd ſoften as one does Iron, Burn 'em.

Enter

Enter Boy with a Letter.

Boy. Here's a Letter for you, Sir, the Porter ſaid it requir'd a ſpeedy Anſwer. [*Exit.*

Fond. Opens and reads.] Humph———[*Smiles and goes on.*] good, [*Smiles.*] better, [*Smiles.*] beſt of all. [*Laughs.*] Yes, yes, 'tis her Hand. Well how ſweet is Revenge, and how kind is Fortune in this nick of time, to bring that about which I leaſt thought of! Miſtreſs and Maid ſhall ſtarve or foot Stockings for a Livelihood, I will have no more Mercy on 'em, than a Jew has of a Chriſtian that owes him Money.———I'll about it inſtantly.———Well, I am the happieſt Rogue, I won't delay a Moment. [*Runs out laughing.*

Re-enter Wilding *with* Gainlove.

Wild. Where's Sir *Feeble*?

Gain. I have juſt now laid a Wager with him——ha, ha, ha. [*Laughing.*

Wild. Of what?

Gain. Of forfeiting a Supper, and a dozen Bottles of Wine, if he can bring his Spouſe to the Tavern, which he has undertook to perform in half an Hour, and bid me beſpeak what I thought convenient.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha,———I doubt he'll loſe.——I am oblig'd to ſtay till I hear from *Haughty*, who is working ſomething to both our ſatisfactions (as ſhe ſays) but what that is I know not——but how ſtands it now between you and *Lucia*?

Gain. Very well, as I cou'd wiſh. I do not doubt but to be happy.

Wild. Alas! poor *Gainlove.*

Gain. To be rich in her Love, is to have all the various Treaſures of the *Eaſt.*

Wild. Very well———you'll hardly think ſo twelve Months hence———then I doubt 'twill be, prithee *Wilding* let's have

tother Bottle.———Pox 'tis time enough to go home.

Gain. That you'll eaſily grant.

Wild. Rather than you ſhou'd offer violence to your Self.

Enter Annabella.

Anna. Gentlemen, your Servant.———I think your Name's *Wilding.*

Wild. Yes, Sir, it is.

Anna. I wou'd ſpeak with you in private.

Wild. I can make bold with my Friends, Sir.———Pray *Gainlove*, ſtep into the next Room for a Moment.

Gain. With all my Heart.———I hope 'tis no Quarrel. [*Aſide.*

Anna. Sir, you have much injur'd a fair Lady in her Honour.

Wild. 'Twas her own fault then, and ſhe may thank her ſelf for truſting it in ſuch Hands.

Anna. I thought a Gentleman wou'd have excus'd his Faults, rather than aggravated the Folly.

Wild. Sir, I neither know you, nor who you mean——nor do I uſe to be queſtion'd.

Anna. Nor I to make preamble, Sir, but in this Caſe. Know you Mrs. *Annabella Richmore*, the Widow *Purelight*'s Neice.

Wild. I have ſeen her. [*Careleſly.*] By Heaven 'tis ſhe her ſelf! If I don't fit her before I have done, it ſhall go hard. [*Aſide.*

Anna. Is ſhe not Fair?

Wild. 'Tis granted.

Anna. I am in Love with her to Diſtraction, and am come to call you to a ſtrict Account for your Indiſcretion.

Wild. Sir, this Quarrel will ſoon be made an end of——— for I am not in love with her, and will give you all my Intereſt.

Anna. So I'm like to ſucceed [*Aſide.*] But what amends for the paſt Idle Words, ſo cheaply thrown abroad to blaſt that Springing Flower, which I wou'd crop and wear for ever in my Boſom next my Heart?

Wild. Reap you the fancy'd Pleaſure then———but for ignoble

noble Thoughts, or laviſh Words of that fair Lady you make mention of, I ſtand excus'd. No Pardon can I ask, except I had offended, or if I had, my conſcious Honour wou'd Reflection make, and bid me do what Fear cou'd ne'er exact. Be ſatisfied with this, and tempt no farther Danger.

[*Laying his Hand to his Sword.*

Anna. Well, I am ſure I cou'd beat him at another Weapon. [*Aſide.*] There can be no Danger when arm'd with her Commands. I cannot live without her, and if I die, ſhe's ſure to die that Minute.

Wild. So that ye are only fit for one another——if this be all, your Servant.

Anna. I'm afraid this won't do. [*Aſide.*] Well, Sir, I find the ſhorteſt way's the beſt, few Words and a well pointed Sword. I am ſatisfied the Lady muſt be in the right, for what I have ſaid came from her own Mouth——therefore draw.

Wild. Draw! Why ſure you're in jeſt, ye little Smock-Fac'd Rogue.

Anna. In jeſt?——I am ſure, Sir, you won't find me ſo.

Wild. No! I thought you had.——Well, then have at you.

[*Draws.*

Anna. What ſhall I do now?——I have carry'd the jeſt too far.

Wild. Come let us ſhake Hands, and cut Throats civilly, [*He ſhakes Hands with* Annabella, *takes her round the Neck and kiſſes.*] and like Gentlemen, faith I'll kiſs you, ye pretty Knave, ——you kiſs more like a Woman than a Man.

Anna. In my Conſcience ſo I do.——What's the meaning of this?

Wild. I will kiſs thee again, prithee let's defer this quarrel ——nay kiſs thee I muſt and will, never ſtruggle.

[*Kiſſes her and ſhakes her Perrewig off.*

Anna. So now I'm diſcover'd.

Wild. Ha! a Woman! and a lovely Woman.——Nay now I can't forbear.

[*Kiſſes again.*

Anna. Hold, hold, Sir, be not rude.

Wild. No, but I'll be very Civil, and that's the ſame thing. She kiſſes ſweeter than Nature juſt refreſh'd by Heaven, when opening

opening Buds laviſh their grateful Odours. [*Aſide.*] What the Devil am I doing?——Methinks I cou'd wiſh——pox on't, I ſhall be in love preſently. [*Aſide.*

Anna. I have made a very pretty buſineſs of this. I had better have taken my Couſen *Lucia*'s advice. [*Aſide.*] Now am I aſham'd of this Miſcarriage; and what's worſe, muſt lie at his Mercy. [*Aſide.*] Well, Sir, I ſuppoſe you know me?

Wild. Not I, Madam, but you kiſs ſo prettily——pray let me have one more. [*Offers to kiſs.*

Anna. Hold——to kiſs a Woman when ſhe is out of humour is as provoking as to laugh at a Funeral.

Wild. Why then I'll kiſs you till you are in humour again.

Anna. Ye all promiſe largely——but do like moſt Poets now a Days, flag and grow very inſipid in the laſt Act——you ſeem ſtrange as if you did not know,——but I know you do——and as a Man of Honour let this Folly ſleep,——your Servant. [*Offers to go.*

Wild. Let me view you again——Madam *Annabella!* upon my Soul, Madam, I ask your Pardon ten thouſand times, ſure I can't be miſtaken.——*Gainlove*, your Opinion here.

Anna. Why ſure, Sir, you won't expoſe me.

Enter Gainlove.

Wild. No, no, Child, let me alone. *Gainlove*, did you never ſee this Face before?

Gain. I have ſeen one much like it.

Wild. Why 'tis Madam *Annabella Richmore*, come on purpoſe to take a Bottle with you and I incog. and ſhan't we gratifie her?

Gain. By all means.

Anna. The Fellow makes me mad. Hark ye, Sir, in your Ear, with this red Coat I will ſtrait for *Flanders*, and be familiar with all the Collonels of the Army, but I will have your Throat cut. [*Aſide.*

Wild.

Wild. Never fear that, my bed will hold two very well. Every look, ſhe gives ſtrikes to my Heart. I cannot help it, I muſt love her. [*Aſide.*

Gain. What means that pauſe.——In my Conſcience he's caught. [*Aſide.*

Anna. Well, Sir, I have had a better Opinion of you than you have deſerved, and from this time by all that's good I'll never ſee——

Wild. Hold, hold, no proteſtations——I find I muſt have her, let what will be the Conſequence——dear witty, pretty, charming Creature! [*Aſide.*] Well cou'd I think I had the leaſt Favour in your Affection, or that this was meant as a Reſpect to me, from this Hour I'll date my ſelf your Servant, nor all the World ſhou'd ſeparate us. Follys I have promiſcuouſly ſhewn, Vices alternately have ſway'd me, but till now, never till now was I e'er warm'd, by virtuous Conſtancy, or felt the ſacred fire of real Love.

Anna. Ay, now the Man talks reaſon. [*Aſide.*

Wild. Gaintove be Witneſs what I ſay; this Moment I wiſh to make you mine.

Anna. And are you really ſo mad of a ſudden, to put it into my Power to be reveng'd of you?

Wild. I'll leave my Fate to you.

Anna. Then here's my Hand, I will be yours and only yours. I muſt confeſs I love, and ſhall only want Power, but not the Will to oblige you ever. But d'ye hear, my Friend, if ever I catch you ſtraggling in other Peoples Incloſures, I ſhall tedder you down to your own lawful Paſture. I muſt have no more viſiting of Mrs. *Haughty*, that I may have no more Occaſion to write Letters, to create Jealouſie.

Wild. Did you write 'em? 'Twas very kindly done of you, but you ſhall have no reaſon to miſtruſt me. I was an Infidel, till you converted me.

Gain. Stay, who have we here? More Witneſſes to the Contract? Even Sir *Feeble* and the good Woman, the Wager's loſt. She comes as unwillingly to a Tavern as ſhe wou'd to Church.

Enter

Enter Sir Feeble, *Widow*, Lucia *and* Apiſh.

Sir *Feeb.* Nay, nay, never hang an Arſe, Spouſe. I tell thee there is no harm in this, and I'll prove it *Decimo quarto Henrici Octavi.*

Wild. Why uttereſt thou the Language of the Unclean? Oh! the Evil of the good Days that I have ſeen are gone and paſt, ſurely thou haſt broken thy promiſe———hum.———

Sir *Feeb.* I tell thee I have not.———Well, how d'ye do my merry Lads? fill me a Glaſs,———what's the Wine out? I will knock down Sedition with a freſh Bottle and a half pint Glaſs, and defie the French King in a Bumper of his own Revenue. Zooks I wou'd I had him here to pledge me. [*Drinks.*

Wild. Sir *Feeble*, welcome; you, Madam, are welcome too; but where's your fair Neice?

Wid. Truly I know not.

Anna. Fear not, Madam, to my Knowledge ſhe is well.

Wid. Doſt thou know her then?

Anna. Why ſhe and I are all one, nor (tho' in your Houſe) have I lain without her theſe three Months.

[*Aſide to the Widow.*

Wid. Oh the filthy *Jezabel!* [*Aſide.*] Who wou'd have thought it?

Lucia. So, ſo, I long to know what ſhe has done. [*Aſide.*

Ap. How! the little Devil that frightn'd me ſo juſt now?

Sir *Feeb.* Od a pretty Fellow that———whom is it *Gainlove?*

Gain. You'll ſoon know.

Anna. to Apiſh.] As for you, Sir, you have renounc'd your Love, and I have reſign'd all my Title and Intereſt to this Gentleman. [*To* Apiſh.] You know your Hand Sir? [*Shews a Paper.*

Ap. 'S death! I ſhall be laught at, but let them laugh that win. I have loſt nothing but a little Reputation, and what's that to a Gentleman of my Eſtate? Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Wild. How! *Apiſh* decline his Love rather than fight?

[*All laugh.*

Ap. Yes for a very ſubſtantial Reaſon, becauſe I have vow'd to

to keep my Estate from my younger Brother as long as ever I can.

Sir *Feeb.* A very substantial Reason, I promise you.

Anna. Now, Madam, your Approbation is only wanting to make this Gentleman happy, which gain'd, I will produce your Neice immediately.

Sir *Feeb.* Give it, give it I say, my Pearl of *India*, that we may have no intruding Thoughts of Discontent to mingle with our Joys. Methinks I long to be in Bed, I have Matters to unfold in mistick Sence, my brightest Ruby, and Arguments to confute thee in dumb speaking Eloquence. ——Come thou shalt consent, I swear by all——

Wid. Oh hold, I pray thee,——truly if thy Friend is willing to heal her Backslidings, I shall approve.

Anna. Then thus I clear her Honour.

[*Pulls of her Wig.*

Omnes. How! a Woman!

Wid. Verily I am exceeding glad.

Anna. Once more your Neice.——I have dispos'd of my self, and all I have to this Gentleman,——now judge you, Sir, if you are worthy of a Woman, when you are afraid to draw your Weapon, tho' a meer Woman challenges.

Ap. Death! what a Blockhead was I? [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha, as if I did not know that all this while.

Anna. No I am very well satisfy'd you did not.

Ap. Why if I did not, may I never wear Hat under Arm more.——Knew you as well as if I had been under your Petticoats, and was willing to humour your frolick in Favour to my self; for thought I, if this Lady is ——your Pardon, Madam,——is so dextrous at wearing the Breeches before Marriage, I don't doubt but she'll have a great respect to every thing in 'em ever after.

[*ha, ha.*

Wild. Forbear, Fool——or I shall spoil your Mirth.

Ap. Why truly, *Wilding*, I am so much a Philosopher to bear the loss with a great deal of ease; ha, ha, ha. Now

when I am taking the ſerene Air of Liberty, you may divert your ſelf with the Spleen or your Wife, which is only the Spirit of Spleen rectify'd. Ha, ha, ha.

Wild. Want of Merit makes Fools blind to it in others.

Anna. Pray what Remedy wou'd you preſcribe?

Ap. None, there is none, but he may grin ——— and have a great deal of Patience, that's the beſt I know. Prithee excuſe me, *Wilding*, you gave me advice ——— pray take it back again. 'Tis all in rallerie. Ha, ha, ha.

Wild. Well, well, I'll take it ſo for once.

Gain. to Lucia.] I beſeech you, Madam, follow your Cozens Example, and give me your Conſent, while I have ſo many Friends to engage your Mother's.

Lucia. What becauſe my Cozen has plaid the Fool, you wou'd perſuade me to bear her Company.

Gain. Do not play the Tyrant with a Heart you may command with Gentleneſs, ſweet *Lucia.*

Anna. You may be ſure ſhe won't, leſt you ſhou'd hurt hers, for you have had it ever ſince yeſterday tho' you did not know it.

Lucia. Fie, Cozen, you make me bluſh to hear you ſay ſo.

Anna. Sir *Feeble*, you muſt ſay the Word and the Buſineſs will be done.

Sir *Feeb.* Spouſe, you muſt ſay *Amen* once more. This is the Genteman I told you of, a modeſt Man, a Man of great Parts and worthy to execute a fair Lady's Commands to her own Satisfaction; he loves your Daughter, and ſhe likes him, and the next News you'll hear ———

Ap. They'll be as indifferent [*Aſide.*] ha, ha, ha. ———

Sir *Feeb.* A chopping Boy ſhall laugh at thy Puritannical Pinner, and pull preciſion from thy Downy Chin.

Wid. Here, take her, Friend.

Sir Feeb. Well ſaid, my Queen of *Sheba.*

Gain. Upon my Knees let me receive the Bounty, greater I cannot ask nor you beſtow than my *Lucia*'s Love; ten thouſand Bleſſings on your Goodneſs too [*To* Lucia.] And when

when I cease to love you next to Heaven, may Heaven forget me.

Lucia. Then I am happy.

Sir *Feeb.* So now give me another Bumper. ——— Nay ——thou, my radiant Princess of Delight, shalt pledge me too.

Wid. I will not defile my earthly Tabernacle, thou art turning thy Day into Night, as in the darkness of Apostacy, as the zealous Brethren say.

Sir *Feeb.* In this they are right,
We turn Day into Night.
But they lye if they say,
That we wou'd e'er wish to turn Night into Day.
Fill her a Glass. ——— Nay fuller, ——— and she shall drink it, tho the Pope had dipt his great Toe in it. ——— Nay take it or by the greatness of ———

Wid. Swear not at all ——— I will take it. But let the evil Spirit that forceth it upon me ——— bear the blame. [*Drinks.*] Truly it is not so bad as I thought. ——— It warmeth the Stomach. [*Licking her Lips.*

Sir *Feeb.* Well done, my white legg'd Chicken. ——— What, more Company! ——— the more the merrier I say.

Enter Fondle *with* Haughty *veil'd.*

Fond. Dear Widow and Aunt, I have follow'd your Directions to a Tittle, I am just now marry'd to your Neice ——— 'twas the prettiest frolick. ——— I can't get her to unveil yet. [*Laughing.*

Wid. He hath tasted largely of the Creature ——— Friend *Fondle*, thou hadst better lay thy Head down to sleep ——— here is my Neice.

Fond. Humph. ——— My Heart misgives me plaguily. ——— I fear I have done amiss.

Hau. Not in marrying her you love, I hope. [*Unveils.*

Wild. Haughty!

[Annabla *goes and pulls* Wilding *by the Sleeve to her side.*

Fond. The Devil!——I'll hang my ſelf at full Change, in terror to all Merchant Adventurers; [*In rage.*] or drown my ſelf in my own briny Tears. [*Crying.*] Bring me Daggers, Poyſon, Fire. [*Sings.*] *This is the State of Man.*——

Hau. Pray hear me, Mr. *Fondle.*

Fond. I will never hear again, never Eat, Drink, or Sleep: [*in rage.*] I will out Curſe a broken Collonel, out lye a City Stock-jobber, and openly profeſs no more Honour or Honeſty than a Nobleman's Steward——or a Country Attorney.

Hau. Hear me but make one ſacred ſolemn Vow to Heaven and you, then do your pleaſure.

Fond. Well, come, I will——if it ſhou'd be to make away with your ſelf, I'll endeavour to bear it with a Chriſtian patience.

Hau. Hear me, ſweet Heaven, and puniſh or reward me
As I do violate or keep my wiſh;
If ever I tranſgreſs the Rules of Modeſty,
Or entertain the Thoughts of lawleſs Love,
That raging Flame of Inconſiderate Luſt
That ſullies Virtue as the Smoak the Light;
May all the Vengeance of offended Heaven,
And all the Sorrow that Affliction bears
Perſue me here, and kill my Peace hereafter.

Fond. Ah wou'd I cou'd believe you. [*Crying.*

Sir *Feeb.* We'll all engage for her, zooks, I believe ſhe's a very good Woman.

Fond. Why, as I hope to be ſav'd I never was ſo miſtaken in all my Life.——I verily thought this had been your Hand. [*To Widow.*

Hau. Your Pardon, Madam, for the Counterfeit, 'twas I that writ it, knowing ſome years paſt a Marriage was propos'd 'twixt him and your fair Neice.——

Fond. Well, the Devil take me if ever I'm married in the Dark again.

Hau.

Hau. Forgive what's paſt and I'll offend no more. My Life to come I'll ſpend in true Contrition, and ſtudy to oblige with dutious Love.

Fond. Well, I will be contented ——— ſince there's no remedy. ——— Come give me your Hand and ſtick to what you ſay, and all ſhall be forgotten.

Wild. Sir, if the leaſt Suſpicion yet remains that I have injur'd you, lay it aſide, for on my Word I have done you no diſhonour, whatever was intended.

Anna. Tho' I know the Rogue lyes, I can't blame the Excuſe. [*Aſide.*

Fond. Sir your humble Servant, and I thank you for the intended Favour, but ſhall endeavour to keep her as far from you as I can.

Wild. to Hau. *Aſide.*] What you have done obliges me ——— but from this time we muſt be ever Strangers.

Hau Heaven knows for ever.

Sir *Feeb.* Come Gent. before Supper, be pleas'd to take part of an Entertainment I have prepar'd.

SONG and DANCE.

SONG

SONG,

Set and sung by Mr. *Leveredge*.

1.

YOU laugh to see me fond appear,
Of one not worth the Part,
A Wretch by Nature unsincere,
And amorous by Art.
Wrong not a well mean't honest Flame,
To Lais *undesign'd:*
'Tis to her Sex, not her, I am
So ardent and so kind.

2.

Where's now the mighty diff'rence shewn
In what we diff'rent do,
One feigns alike to all, and one
To all alike is true:
As both have Hundreds done before,
Each other we caress,
Impartial she, no Man love's more,
Nor I no Woman less.

Enter

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Supper's on the Table Gentlemen.

Wild. Lead on, Sir *Feeble.*

Sir *Feeb.* With all my Heart.———Come, my ſhining Lamp of Refulgency, if thou can'ſt have patience but a little longer, I'll make you full payment in the current Coin of pure Affection.

Wid. Away, away. [*Smiling.*

Wild. to Anna.] To you I owe this happy eaſe of Mind,
Beauty and Virtue have at laſt prevail'd,
Like bounteous Heaven, that diſpences Bleſſings
To the Unworthy that ne'r think to ask.

As ſickly Vapours riſing from the Earth
Are ſtrait exhal'd by the Sun's early Birth,
So looſe Deſires vaniſh quite away,
When Virtue's brighter Sun puts forth a Ray.

[*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

Enter Dresser.

Dr. Supper's on the Table Gentlemen.

Wild. Lead on, Sir Testie.

Sir Test. With all my Heart. —— Come, my shining Lamp of Refulgency, if thou can'st have patience but a little longer, I'll make you full payment in the current Coin of pure Affection.

Wild. Away, away.

[Smiling,

Wild. to Anna.] To you I owe this happy calm of Mind,
Beauty and Virtue have at last prevail'd,
Like bounteous Heavn, that dispences Blessings
To the Unworthy that not think to ask.

As gladly Vapours rising from the Earth
Are friendly exhal'd by the Sun's early Birth,
So fools Defires vanish quite away,
When Virtue's brighter Sun puts forth a Ray.

[Exeunt.